

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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HON. JAMES A. GARFIELD, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. B. BRADY.—SEE PAGE 293.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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NOTICE.

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,
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NEW YORK, January 17th, 1880.

Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F. Leslie, the widow of Frank Leslie, and his sole legatee under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

All communications should be addressed to 57 Park Place, or to P. O. Box 4121, New York City, N. Y.

L. W. ENGLAND, Assignee.

CAUTION.

Subscribers, in sending subscriptions for any of our publications, should be careful to direct their letters plainly to FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE, 57 Park Place, New York, in order to insure their safe delivery.

We give this week copious illustrations of the *Passion Play at Oberammergau*, from sketches by our own artist, accompanied by a vivid description of the initial performance, from the pen of a staff correspondent, who is now in Europe for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. While the entire description of the incidents of the Play is full of interest, the sketches of the principal actors are especially entertaining, and will be read with genuine pleasure by all whose attention has been drawn to this great religious drama.

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE.

THE nomination of General James A. Garfield as the Republican candidate for President affords another proof that the people are stronger than the politicians. It postpones, too, if it does not entirely avert, a disaster which at one time seemed certain to overtake the party. Admitting all that may be said for General Grant, it still remains true that his nomination would have invited sure defeat. He was not in any true sense the choice of the Republican masses, or of the great body of independent voters. He was the candidate, distinctively and conspicuously, of the machine politicians—of a class of men whose counsels and influence in his previous administrations were altogether pernicious, and who, having the party organization largely in their hands, sought his re-nomination now, not for any high purposes of patriotism, but in order that they might again wield, for selfish ends, the enormous power and patronage of the Government. His rejection by the Chicago Convention, notwithstanding the splendor of his military record and the popular confidence in his personal integrity of character, puts an effective end to the dominance of these influences in the public administration, and for all time establishes, on foundations so strong that it will never again be assailed, the unwritten law of the Republic that no man, however colossal may be his renown, shall be permitted to occupy the Executive office in practical perpetuity; that, in other words, "what sufficed for George Washington must suffice for the greatest of his successors."

Of General Garfield, summoned so unexpectedly to the leadership, it can be said with entire truth that he represents the best impulses of his party. A Republican all his life, his career has never been marked by that excessive partisanship which too often impairs the legitimate influence of great minds; indeed, his peculiarly judicial temper has more than once betrayed him into attitudes which the party "whips" have condemned; but it is precisely this quality of independence which will most commend him to the popular confidence. In Congress he has always kept fully abreast of public opinion as to all questions of national importance. Born poor, he has remained so, comparatively, amid all the temptations of public life; possessing in his early childhood only the slenderest educational opportunities, he has come, by his own efforts and the closest study, to rank as the most scholarly of our statesmen; he is, in a word,

a self-made man, in every respect a typical product of our free institutions.

Will he be elected? That will depend largely upon the action of the Democratic Convention. That Convention has a great opportunity. It is possible for it to nominate a candidate who would command success. It is also possible for it to select a nominee who would be more objectionable than General Garfield to the moral sense of the country, and to place him upon a platform still less satisfactory than that laid down at Chicago. The one overshadowing issue is that of the national finances and the maintenance of the national faith. Upon that question the Republicans have, in the main, occupied no uncertain attitude. To them we owe the policy of Resumption, with all its beneficent results, and the defeat of all the perilous schemes for the debasement of the currency and the unsettling of the foundations of the public credit. In the struggle in Congress over this issue, General Garfield has been foremost in resisting the paper money delusions which for a time flourished so luxuriantly, and in urging specie payments and the exact fulfillment of the nation's obligations to its creditors. If, as to this paramount question, the Democracy shall assume a position of antagonism to the existing order of things, and so imperil the results already achieved in the direction of financial and industrial rehabilitation, then the canvass for General Garfield may be crowned with success. Another urgent and important question is that of the preservation and enforcement, without limitation as to State lines, of the rightful constitutional authority of the Federal Government, touching every subject whatsoever which is national in character, and analogously of the prerogatives of the Executive, as clearly settled and defined in law. Upon this question the Republicans occupy ground which the judgment of the country has repeatedly approved. If the Democracy shall continue to insist upon the doctrine they have heretofore maintained on this and relative issues, and their candidate shall represent the so-called Bourbon element of the party, then disaster may again overtake them. The country demands stability in finance as necessary to prosperity in business, and faithful adherence to the Constitution and the laws enacted under it, as essential to tranquillity and progress in the State; and it might even choose rather to face the consequences of continued Republican supremacy than to brave the risks involved in the success of a reactionary candidate and a revolutionary policy.

As for ourselves, wearing no man's collar, we shall follow no party flag, except as it may represent principles and ideas essential to the maintenance of the national unity and honor. Whatever may be commendable in either party, we shall commend; whatever may seem to us to threaten vital public interests, or tend to rekindle the fading embers of old animosities and exasperations, we shall condemn, no matter where it may be found, or in what guise it may be presented. Having no partisan entanglements, we desire that the country shall be placed before and above mere party, and we shall be on the side always of those men and measures which seem to propose the highest safety to social order, and the protection, under the sway of law, of the persons and liberties of all the people without doing violence to the rights of any.

THE EXODUS FROM EUROPE.

AT no period has the tide of European immigration run so high as at present. This port is the chief receptacle for foreigners seeking a home in the United States. The official returns of the Bureau of Emigration, at Castle Garden, show that from January of the present year to the close of May, the arrivals have numbered 135,336 persons of both sexes and all ages. For the corresponding period in 1879 the number was 40,589; only 27,145 in 1878, and 24,293 in 1877. During the first four months of 1872, 118,382 immigrants landed at the Garden, and 294,581 during the year. The total of immigrants arriving at all the ports in that year aggregated 449,483. The nearest approach to this at any preceding period was in 1854, when the number reached 427,833. In 1873 the total arrivals were 437,004, and this stands second in rank to 1872. But the present year bids fair to surpass all that have gone before. The number landed at this port in the month of May was 55,317, and from present indications, no less than 50,000 will arrive during the present month. It is more than probable that from now until cold weather begins this remarkable exodus from Europe will be kept up, and that the accession to population from this source will equal, if it does not exceed, half a million of souls.

English, Irish, Germans and Scandinavians, make up this moving tide to this country. The narrow limits and depression of agriculture in England have been productive of widespread discontent; in Ireland the sufferings begotten by the famine have furnished an additional stimu-

lus to the migratory movement; the Germans have a growing distaste for the military system of their country, and so hasten to get beyond its reach. As for the inhabitants of Scandinavia, an irresistible impulse to try their fortunes in a new land seems to have seized upon them in masses. It may be said, further, that the facilities for crossing the Atlantic are constantly improving and increasing, while those who find comfortable homes in this country almost uniformly urge their friends and relatives, whom they have left behind, to follow their example. The immigration of one single member of a family generally ends by the transfer of the remainder to our shores.

The Government records furnish no accurate statistics of European immigration to this country until the year 1820. It is estimated, however, that from 1790 to 1820 the immigrants numbered about 250,000. During the succeeding thirty years, ending with 1850, the number was 2,464,200. If we estimate the number to be returned the present year at 500,000, the total from 1850 to 1880, the latter inclusive, will be 7,873,082. The foreign immigration, then, for a period of ninety years, exceeds 10,587,000 souls, which, at this time, represents an aggregate in excess of one-fifth of our whole population. Of the entire number landed upon our shores, 5,857,025 have disembarked at Castle Garden since May 1st, 1847. Of this latter number 2,195,398 were from Germany, 2,042,046 from Ireland, and 1,619,581 from all other countries. In 1870 the census gave the number of persons of foreign birth, then living, as 5,767,229. The present census will probably show an addition to that number of at least one and one-quarter millions.

From official sources we learn, looking to the entire immigration, that up to 1850 the Irish contributed 43.5 per cent. and the Germans 26.4 per cent. In 1870 the two nationalities were nearly equal, the Irish standing at 33.3 and the Germans at 30.4 per cent. The percentage of English was only 13.9 in 1850, and but 11.2 in 1870. In the latter year British-Americans furnished 8.9 per cent. and Scandinavians only 4.4 per cent. But the census of 1880 will add materially to the Scandinavian percentage. A century hence the population of this country will doubtless exceed that of Europe, and in the meantime the ethnologist may speculate as to what will be the characteristics of the composite race which will then inhabit our broad domain.

LIFE INSURANCE FIGURES.

THE magnitude of the life insurance interest of the country is scarcely appreciated by the general public. Statistics show that the life companies authorized to do business in New York had, on the 1st of January last, assets amounting to \$401,527,059, with total liabilities of \$336,174,206, showing a surplus for policyholders of \$65,352,853. The total income of these thirty-one companies for the year 1879 was \$76,170,953, while the amount paid to policyholders for losses by death, etc., reached a total of \$55,744,326. The benefits conferred by the diffusion of this vast sum in the various channels which received it cannot well be over-estimated. The total amount of insurance carried by the companies in question at the date named was \$1,439,961,165. Since the beginning of the year thirty-two companies, according to a table in the *Underwriter*, have paid death claims amounting to \$6,210,652, and endowments amounting to \$2,504,225. These figures, it should be added, do not include the payments of several important companies, whose payments would swell the total by several millions. The *Commercial Bulletin* assumes, in view of these figures, that "the regular life companies of the country are, this very year, sheltering from poverty a large body of widows and orphans at a rate which involves the distribution among them of some \$30,000,000 to \$35,000,000." Certainly a business that can exhibit such colossal results as are here specified may fairly be regarded as resting upon solid and substantial foundations, and as fully deserving of the popular confidence which it increasingly enjoys.

SHOOTING AND HAZING.

THE Texas schoolboy who shot the Ohio schoolboy at Highland Falls some days since, has, doubtless, heartily repented by this time of his hasty act. A prison-cell has something in its atmosphere which induces to serious meditation. As the practice of schoolboys using revolvers on one another is not viewed with favor in this part of the country, the chances are that Master Buck, of Texas, may pass the next few years of his life under a discipline more rigorous even than that of the Military Academy which he was expecting to enter, and amid much less agreeable surroundings. Should Thompson, the Ohio boy, die of his wound, it will be likely to go hard with young Buck.

Yet there are several things to be taken

into consideration. The Texas boy had heard and read of the hazing practiced at the Point, and had come North resolved to defend himself against it to the last extremity. The Principal of the Highland Falls school thinks that Buck had an "exaggerated idea" of the nature of this hazing. We don't know about that. While hazing is sometimes merely silly and harmless, it is not seldom something very different. A party of half-drunken boys, egging one another on, will sometimes do things that they do not find pleasant to remember the next day or on any future day. Whether his notions of hazing were exaggerated or not, this young fellow had made up his mind, it appears, that he would not be hazed if he could help it. He presented himself at the Highland Falls school, a feeder of the Military Academy. He was poor, indifferently dressed probably, rough in manners certainly. He talked loudly, bragged, swore, and ate with his knife. He was insulted at the school table, as appears from the principal's statement; at least one attempt was made to play what the principal considers "a harmless practical joke" upon him in his sleep; his fellow-students opened his trunk in his absence and took from it a pistol, which they gave the principal and which he still retains. None of these things were likely to improve the Texas boy's temper; naturally none too amiable, or to make him less distrustful of the other boys. When one of these used language to him which in Texas would have meant either humiliation or fight, he seems to have put the Texas construction upon it, and to have replied, Texas fashion, with a pistol-ball.

We are not belittling young Buck's crime. Having committed it, he must take the consequences of it. We merely point out the fact that the fault is not all on the one side, and that this homicidal schoolboy—oaths, brags, hot temper, revolver and all—such as his training has made him under the stimulus of real or supposed provocation.

THE FISHERIES QUESTION.

WHILE members of our Congress are discussing the question of the abrogation of the fisheries clause of the Treaty of Washington, and the adoption of measures to secure indemnity to our citizens for the Fortune Bay outrage, the British Government has taken an important step towards preventing future collisions in the Newfoundland waters. Three British war-vessels are now actively patrolling the fishing banks off the Dominion coast, the commanders being temporarily invested with judicial powers, to be exercised in the same manner and to the same extent as by regularly constituted justices of the peace. These vessels will continue, during the whole of the fishing season, to cruise around the coasts, paying especial attention to those parts of the shore where differences have arisen from time to time among rival fishermen, and where future troubles might at any time assume serious proportions. The presence of the ships-of-war will, no doubt, be beneficial in subduing the warlike propensities of the pugnacious fishermen, and in amicably adjusting quarrels arising out of intense competition in the prosecution of concurrent rights of fishery. Had like precautions been adopted earlier the outrages which have occasioned so much feeling in this country would no doubt have been prevented.

This display of vigilance, however, on the part of the British Government will not cause a suspension of the negotiations which contemplate the settlement of this whole question on a new basis. The American sentiment on the subject is too strong to admit of any mere shilly-shallying. That sentiment is well expressed in a report recently submitted to the House of Representatives, in which it is declared that at best "we got but little by the Washington Treaty, and that little is taken from us by unlawful violence, apparently sustained by the British Government. We gave a great deal in return, part of which has already been finally paid and is beyond our recall; but a portion of the consideration is in the opening of our markets to the Canadian fishermen free of duty; that privilege they are still enjoying to their great gain and our great loss," and the treaty should, therefore, be abrogated as the only course consistent with proper national respect.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE Liberal Ministry in England is already plunged in numerous difficulties. Not only have the members of the Cabinet who sought re-election been defeated, thus showing the discontent of the nation with the first acts of the Administration, but even the Liberal press is attacking their policy. The principal charge that is brought against Mr. Gladstone refers to the retention in office and to the support granted to Sir Bartle Frere. The part which he took in bringing about the Zulu war, the difficulties which he contrived in the South African colonies, and his violence and imperialism, were constant topics for denunciation by

the Liberals while in opposition. The Conservative Government even went so far as to defend its policy by stating that Sir Bartle Frere had exceeded his authority. It is possible that Mr. Gladstone may have found that this was not altogether true, and that Sir Bartle was obliged to plunge into the war with Cete-wayo and the horrible mess made of the Transvaal annexation. However this may be, there can be no doubt that Frere was a willing agent, and his continuance in office is loudly blamed by even Mr. Gladstone's own followers. Nor is it likely that the new financial policy will be a popular one. It is found that the estimated surplus left by Sir Stafford Northcote, the Conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer, has been swallowed up by the supplementary estimates, and it is proposed to add a penny to the income tax. Such an addition is always most unpopular in England where people will stand any amount of indirect taxation without complaining, but once are indignant when their purses are directly taxed. It is also proposed to reduce the tax on wine, in accordance with the negotiations which have been in progress between France and England for a reciprocity treaty. The tax on malt is to be taken off, and instead of it a tax is to be levied directly on beer. None of these measures are likely to increase the popularity of Mr. Gladstone, and some of his other measures will probably stir up a good deal of ill-feeling. The Burial Act, which proposes to do away with the difference between consecrated and unconsecrated ground in churchyards, will, no doubt, be pleasing to the Nonconformists; but they are always Liberals in politics, while it will probably alienate the High Church Party which gave the Liberals much useful support in the late campaign. Against the wisdom of allowing the Peace Preservation Act in Ireland to lapse is very doubtful. Ireland is evidently in not a very peaceful condition, and law is often opposed by force. Shillelachs and stones may break bones and crack skulls, but firearms will do much more mischief and will not tend to improve the condition of the Irish peasant.

Some time ago Blanqui, the Communist, received a plurality of votes for the Assembly from the good people of Lyons. Fortunately, according to French law, a majority is necessary to elect a candidate, and on the second ballot a Conservative Republican beat Blanqui badly. As Lyons is one of the greatest strongholds of Communist principles this defeat is of great political importance. The Communist meeting in Paris was quickly suppressed, and the strikers at Roubaix and Rheims were at once kept in order by the interference of the military. The Government seems determined to enforce law and order and procure the respect of all classes for the republic.

The decrees against the Jesuits and other religious communities are not likely to be submitted to without a struggle. The Society of Jesus pretends, whether justly or unjustly remains to be seen, that it has acquired a vested interest in its churches and houses, that successive governments have acknowledged the legality of its tenure by the visits of official inspectors, and that the laws under which the present decrees have been issued are obsolete. The Society proposes to try the legality of these decrees in the courts of law, and will not give up without a fierce attempt to hold its own. At the same time there are some Republicans—not many it is true, but still some—who are opposed to the decrees. They say, with some justice, that when the number of captains to instruct young soldiers is insufficient, the sergeants must be employed, and the present movement is to suppress the sergeants without having a sufficient complement of captains to instruct the youth of France. Whatever harm education in Jesuit establishments may have done, it is certain that the education they give is better than none at all.

While the religious party is being thus "bulldozed" in France, Prince Bismarck has received a most decided check in Prussia by the rejection of the Church Bill by the committee of the Prussian Landtag to whom it had been submitted. Bismarck has now been defeated upon the Budget, the Army Bill, the Socialistic question, and the Church Bill, and his influence must be somewhat on the wane. Prince Hohenlohe has adopted a new policy at the Foreign Office, and the meeting of the Congress at Berlin takes place under very different auspices to those under which it met some years ago.

Mrs. Gladstone has held her first large reception at her husband's official residence in Downing Street, and all the Liberals in town loyally flocked thither. Lord Granville has given a number of small dinners, but none as yet of any public significance. It is generally expected that Lord Hartington will renew the famous festivities at Devonshire House, where a reception used to mean an assembly of all the wit, beauty and rank of London. The Duchess of Norfolk gave a grand reception in honor of Cardinal Newman, who happened to pay London a flying visit. It was very magnificent, and a large crowd, mostly women, was present. The fair sex were very effusive in their worshiping of the saintly man, and a cynical bystander remarked that most of them kissed the hand instead of the ring of the Cardinal. Another fashionable amusement is amateur musical performances. The musical tastes of the late Prince Consort have been bequeathed to the Duke of Edinburgh, the great friend and patron of Arthur Sullivan, of "Pinafore" notoriety. His Royal Highness plays the violin with considerable skill, and accompanied Marie Roze in a violin obligato in a selection from Gounod. At another concert his sister, the Princess Christian, played a pianoforte solo and a duet with Mr. Goldschmidt, the husband of Jenny Lind. They both showed a little nervousness at first, but soon warmed to the work and became quite self-possessed. The Queen herself is contributing some drawings to a monthly magazine, and the Princess

Louise and several other members of the royal family are conspicuous for their artistic ability.

DENIS KEARNEY was one of the shining lights of the National Greenback Convention held at Chicago last week. A body of men who can find satisfaction in the drivel of this arrant demagogue can never possibly achieve any higher result than the demoralization of our politics.

THE feeling in favor of the nomination of Horatio Seymour as the Democratic candidate for President appears to be growing. The party could not have a better candidate, and it ought to be wise enough to seize its opportunity, notwithstanding Mr. Seymour's disinclination to accept a nomination.

THE friends of tariff reform will be disappointed by the failure of Congress to act upon the revenue measures brought before it. The efforts of the high tariff lobby, together with the desire of a good many members to escape a vote on the question in the present posture of political affairs, have proved more than a match for the reformers, who, it must be added, have at no time managed their case with the highest wisdom.

It is stated on good authority that the cotton crop in the South this year will amount to 5,600,000 bales, valued at \$300,000,000, which is much the largest crop ever raised. If the Southern States will now extend the cotton manufacture already so prosperously begun, and so retain in its own hands the full advantages of the great production of which it is capable, its industrial and commercial future will be unquestionably assured.

THERE are intimations that Mr. Tilden may decline the Democratic nomination for President in favor of Henry B. Payne of Ohio. Possibly this may prove to be the fact, but Mr. Tilden is not in the habit of abandoning a purpose once formed, and it can scarcely be doubted that, believing himself to have been really elected four years ago, he has a desire to vindicate his claim by again trying conclusions with the enemy.

THE Chinese Minister to the United States, who has just returned from a visit to Europe, proposes shortly to visit Peru for the purpose of establishing an embassy for the protection of Chinamen in that country. As to the Chinese in the United States, he thinks the whole number does not exceed 120,000, over half of whom are in California. He says that the contract system has been entirely broken up, and that the few Chinamen who now come here come in the same way as other immigrants.

GOVERNOR CORNELL of this State has entitled himself to public approval by striking out of the annual Supply Bill, items amounting to \$948,036. He has also vetoed all of the special appropriations in the Canal Bill, of which there are thirteen, amounting in all to \$75,735. The Supply Bill is only too frequently a cover for wasteful extravagance, and this wholesale application of the pruning-knife can scarcely fail to be productive of good in arresting the tendency to reckless appropriations on the part of legislators.

THE Chinese plank of the Republican platform, designed to catch votes on the Pacific slope, does not seem to afford any greater satisfaction in that section than in the East. All the leading San Francisco journals characterize it as failing altogether to come up to the demands of the situation, and the indications are that it will alienate rather than attract votes to the Chicago nominees. As a piece of unmitigated demagoguery, that is precisely the verdict which ought to be passed upon the schemers who perpetrated it.

A RESOLUTION has been introduced in the House of Representatives by Mr. Cox, of this city, which will scarcely command the approval of M. de Lesseps. The resolution recites the statement that \$60,000,000 are alleged to have been offered by the citizens of the United States to foreign parties to assist them in carrying out the scheme of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien, and declares that any attempt on the part of such citizens to prejudice the question by extending the assistance of their capital to any such foreign undertaking is unpatriotic and unwise.

THE General Synod of the Reformed Church, after a debate of nearly a week, finally decided last week that a Freemason may be a Christian, and that the church cannot apply as a test of membership that a person seeking admission shall not belong to a secret order. The debate on the subject showed that many of the Reformed clergymen are members of the Masonic order. Masons generally will view with deserved contempt the effort of a few narrow and bigoted minds in the pulpit to array the church against an order which is everywhere the efficient ally of Christian brotherhood and personal morality.

THE crop prospects in the Pacific States are said to be full of promise. It is estimated that the acreage sown to wheat this season will aggregate 2,500,000 acres, and that the average yield per acre will be not less than 14 bushels. The barley and corn crops also promise well, while the hop crop will be fifty per cent. greater this year than last. As to the business outlook, it is said to be improving every day, the demands for wares and merchandise being notably large from the adjoining Ter-

ritories, where the railroads are constantly opening up new markets for home products as well as an increased requirement for imports of all descriptions.

THE railroads of the country are annihilating both time and distance. The other day an express train on the New (Bound Brook) Line, between New York and Philadelphia, made the distance of 89½ miles in just 97 minutes, and it is said that this extraordinary time will be made regularly after the completion of certain arrangements now in progress. Some time ago the Fort Wayne and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroads put on fast trains between Chicago and New York, and it is now understood that both the Lake Shore and Michigan Central will follow suit, running trains from city to city in twenty-eight hours and a half, a gain of seven hours and a half over the ordinary schedule time. But even this time will, no doubt, be eclipsed after a while, in obedience to the clamor of travelers, who consider thirty-five miles an hour entirely too slow for this fast age.

TELEGRAPHY pays. The report of the Western Union Telegraph Company shows that the net profits of the fiscal year will amount to about \$5,300,000, or over 11½ per cent. on the capital stock, after deducting fixed charges for interest and the sinking fund. Out of this, 8 per cent. in cash dividends will have been paid to the stockholders, and \$1,543,000 invested in new property. Extensive constructions and purchases of telephone exchange properties have been made during the year, and of 3,500 miles of new pole lines, and 24,500 miles of additional wires of a larger size than ever before used in this country, especially adapted to quadruplex use, have been constructed.

THE French Government adheres tenaciously to its anti-Jesuit policy. The prefects of departments in which Jesuit establishments are situated have been instructed that they must make a clear distinction between Jesuit and other unauthorized orders. Jesuits are not to be invited, like others, to have themselves authorized, but are ordered to dissolve, and on the 30th of June the Company of Jesus must disappear and evacuate the establishments it now occupies. For teaching establishments, however, the respite is prolonged till the 31st of August. The other unauthorized orders will be officially required during this month to declare whether they intend submitting to the decrees, and the test of strength will come, as elsewhere stated, when they shall refuse, as they are expected to do, to comply with the Government demands.

THE country owes a debt of gratitude to Senator Blaine and Secretary Sherman for their sturdy fight against the third-term idea. Their motive may have been a selfish one, but the result is none the less gratifying to the great body of the people. As to Mr. Blaine, while he has failed in his ambition to be President, an analysis of the votes in the Chicago Convention shows very conclusively that he was the really first choice of the distinctively Republican States. Of General Grant's votes during the first day's balloting, 177 came from the Southern Democratic States, 52 from the Northern Democratic States, and 70 from the Republican States. Blaine had 35 votes from the Southern Democratic States, 62 from the Northern Democratic States, and 182 from the Republican States; Sherman had 47 from the Southern States, 9 from the Northern Democratic States, and 40 from the Republican States.

THE Chicago Convention so far recognized the demand for reform in the Civil Service as to adopt a resolution calling for the co-operation to that end of the Legislative with the Executive departments of the Government, and demanding that "Congress shall so legislate that fitness, ascertained by proper practical tests, shall admit to the public service." This is all very good as far as it goes, but it has no more significance than other declarations, equally as strong and explicit, which have been wholly disregarded by the party making them. Civil Service Reform under the present Administration has been the veriest farce, and yet President Hayes was, no doubt, at the outset honestly desirous of elevating and purifying all branches of the public service. He failed, because the influential political managers and some members of his own Cabinet were against him, and so every other President will fail, no matter what or how many laws may be passed by Congress, so long as partisanship is stronger than patriotism in our politics.

A PECULIAR sort of balloon was seen soaring over Lake Michigan last week, just after the adjournment of the Chicago Convention. It was labeled "Third-Term," and was in a very dilapidated condition. The basket was occupied by a person who seemed overcome by some peculiar sensation, either of disappointment, chagrin or grief; even the insignia of "imperialism" which surrounded him did not seem to afford any real consolation. The cable of the balloon, which was marked by some legend about a "unit rule," seems to have been prematurely broken near the ground, and there is a rumor that at the time the balloon "went up" three distinguished Senators were seen to be making frantic efforts to clutch the vagrant rope. Some say, indeed, that they were left with the small end of it in their hands, and that they consider the ascension to have been entirely too "spontaneous." If the stray balloon shall not be heard of speedily, the country will be likely to conclude that it has started on a "trip around the world." At any rate, it is certain it will never come down.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

FIVE duels were fought in Camden County, South Carolina, during the last month.

GENERAL BURNSIDE was last week re-elected as United States Senator from Rhode Island.

THE River and Harbor Bill, as finally passed by Congress, appropriates nearly \$9,000,000.

THE Bill ratifying the agreement with the Ute Indians has passed both Houses of Congress.

GENERAL GRANT attended a reunion of 10,000 war veterans at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on June 10th.

A TORNADO in Iowa on June 9th, lasting fifteen minutes, killed and injured twenty persons and destroyed a number of dwellings.

A BILL appropriating \$40,000 to aid in building a monument on the Revolutionary battle-field of Bennington has passed the Senate.

THE Congressional committee of conference on the Post Office Appropriation Bill have fixed the amount for railroad mail transportation at \$9,665,000.

THE twenty-sixth annual commencement of Columbia College, in this city, was held June 9th. The graduating class consisted of fifty-eight students.

THE Illinois Democratic State Convention last week nominated Lyman Trumbull for Governor, and indicated a preference for Horatio Seymour for President.

THE Board of Park Commissioners have at last ordered the New York Elevated Railroad Company to remove their unsightly structure from Battery Park within six months.

THE official statement just submitted to Congress shows that the expenses of the war of the rebellion from July 1st, 1861, to June 30th, 1879, amounted to \$6,187,243,385.

In the Greenback-Labor Convention, at Chicago, on June 11th, James B. Weaver, of Iowa, was nominated for President, and J. B. Chambers, of Texas, for Vice-President.

RED CLOUD and Spotted Tail, with their troop of Sioux Indians, who have been on a visit to Washington last week, spent some days inspecting the Indian school at Hampton, Va.

THE First National Bank of Newark, N. J., suspended June 11th. It is believed that the stockholders will lose everything, although the depositors may recover their money.

THE delegates from Tennessee to the Democratic National Convention favor Bayard, Thurman, Seymour or Field for President. The Michigan Democratic Convention elected an anti-Tilden delegation to Cincinnati.

THE annual meeting of the National Association of Survivors of Southern Military Prisons was held in this city last week, eight States being represented. J. W. Merrill, of New York, was elected president for the ensuing year.

THE Atlantic Yacht Club sailed its annual regatta on June 9th, under very unfavorable circumstances; but for the Spring dash of the New York Club on the 10th everything was propitious. Prizes were won by the lucky Tidal Wave, Clío, Mischief, Vixen and Volante.

A DISPATCH from Portland, Oregon, says M. C. George, Republican, for Congress, is elected by from 1,000 to 1,500 majority. Three Republican Supreme Court Judges have average majorities of over 1,000. The Legislature is doubtful, with the chances in favor of the Republicans.

THE President has nominated ex-Governor John F. Hartranft, to be Collector of Customs at Philadelphia; Virgil D. Stockbridge, as Assistant Commissioner of Patents; Robert G. Dyrenfurth, Examiner-in-Chief in the Patent Office; Lewis Thompson, Collector of Customs for the District of Delaware; William G. Ritch, Secretary of the Territory of New Mexico.

THROUGH the efforts of the proprietor of the Philadelphia Record the bogus medical colleges in that city are likely to be broken up. A person acting as head of five of these colleges has already been arrested. The police captured, with him, about half a ton of bogus diplomas, with a mass of correspondence showing the traffic in diplomas and the sale of about three thousand sheepskins.

THE Maryland Democratic Conservative Convention, held last week, adopted resolutions expressing confidence in Senator Bayard. The Georgia Democratic Convention elected a delegation solid for Judge Field, with the exception of a delegate each for Bayard and Tilden. The Indiana Democratic Convention, over which ex-Governor Thomas A. Hendricks presided, elected delegates to Cincinnati favorable to him. Franklin Landers was nominated for Governor.

Foreign.

THE Chilians are reported to have captured Arica, Peru.

THE difficulties between Roumania and Bulgaria are virtually settled.

THE Czar formally received the new United States Minister, Hon. John W. Foster, on June 11th.

THE recent Belgian elections have resulted in a Liberal majority of twelve in the Chamber of Deputies.

THE Jesuits of Poitiers, France, have purchased a building on the island of Jersey for a boys' seminary.

CARDINAL NINA has tendered his resignation as Papal Secretary of State, but the Pope refuses to accept it.

THE proposal to incorporate the Lower Elbe in the Zollverein has been agreed to in the German Bundesrath.

THE Prussian Parliamentary committee, on a final vote on the Church Bill, has rejected the whole measure by a vote of thirteen to eight.

THE British trade returns for May show that the business has sunk almost to last year's level, showing the late revivals to have been merely speculative.

THE Lord Mayor of Dublin has telegraphed to the mayor of every town in the United States and Canada, asking for more money to relieve the distress in Ireland.

TELEGRAMS have been received in Liverpool announcing that the port of Buenos Ayres had closed, which is supposed to mean that the gunboats of the National Government have blockaded the harbor.

ADVISES from Constantinople represent the change in the Turkish Ministry as a step in the direction of the proposed reforms. Abbedin Pasha, the new Minister of Foreign Affairs, has a good reputation in that respect.

It is understood that the question of general amnesty has been raised in the French Cabinet Council by M. Constans proposing to bring the matter before the Chambers. The proposition was almost unanimously adopted. M. de Freycinet will probably bring the matter forward.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 283.



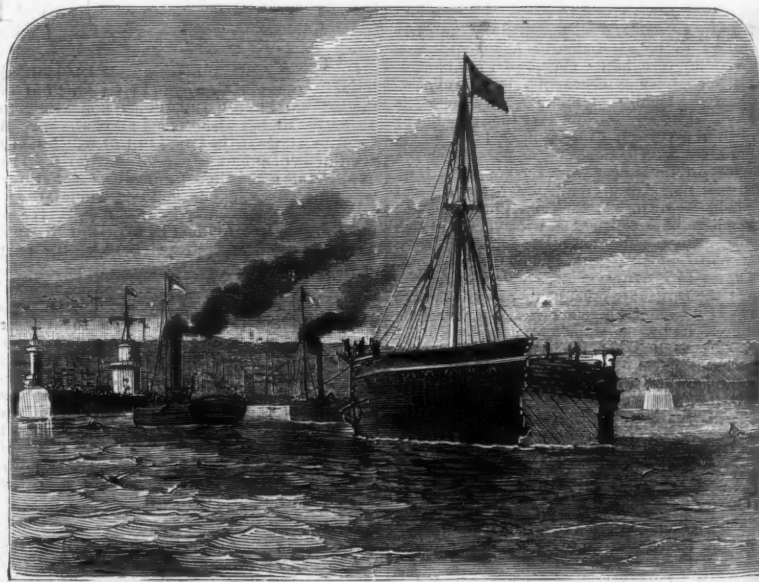
ENGLAND.—THE PRINCE OF WALES LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE TRURO CATHEDRAL.



FRANCE.—STATUE OF CHARLEMAGNE, TO BE ERECTED IN THE COURT OF NOTRE-DAME, PARIS.



FRANCE.—BREAKING OF THE ENGLISH PACKET "ALABAMA" ON THE DYKE AT BERVILLE.



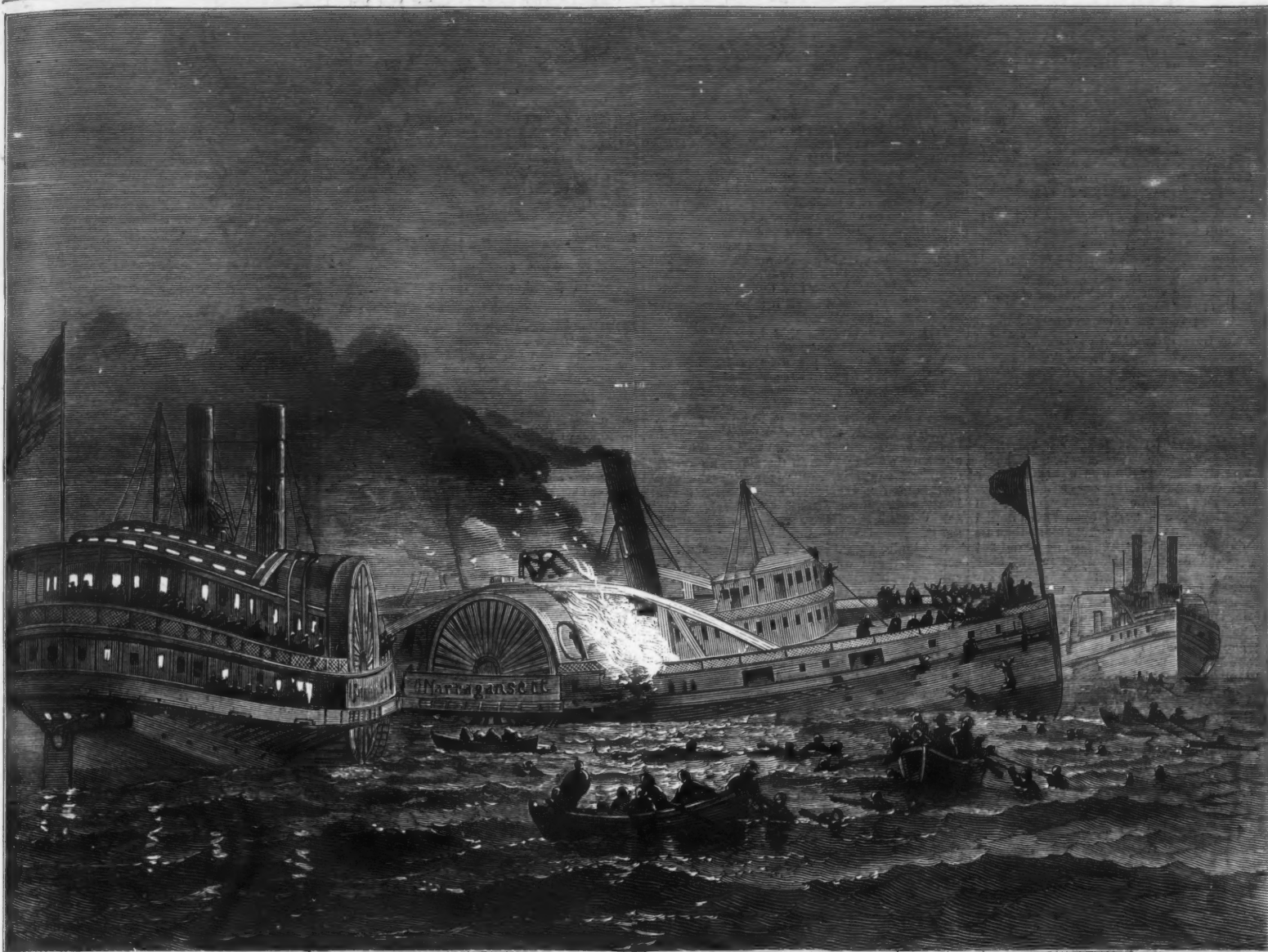
FRANCE.—TOWING THE BOW PART OF THE "ALABAMA" INTO HAVRE.



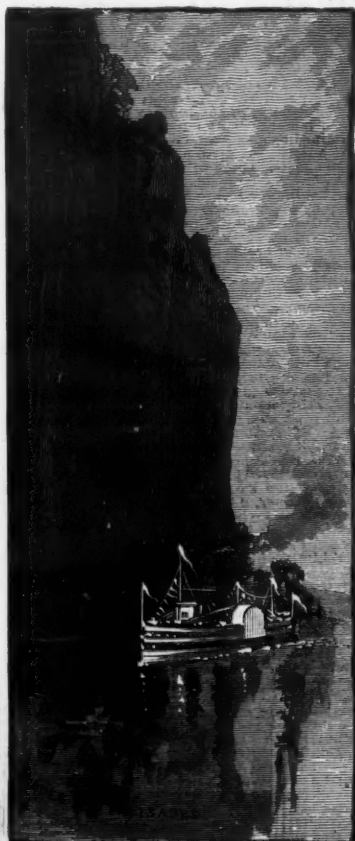
ENGLAND.—PRESENTATION OF KING MTHSA'S AMBASSADORS TO THE QUEEN.



FRANCE COCHIN CHINA.—DUPUIS STREET AND GATE AT HA-NOI.



NEW YORK.—FATAL COLLISION ON LONG ISLAND SOUND, JUNE 11TH—THE "STONINGTON" BACKING FROM THE "NARRAGANSETT" IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE COLLISION—SMALL BOATS RESCUING PASSENGERS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 287.



APPROACHING CONEY ISLAND



HARDTACK FOR LUNCH ENDORSED BY THE M.D.S.



AN ARGUMENT ON LOCKJAW



SALT AIR AS AN APPETIZER

NEW YORK CITY.—INCIDENTS OF THE EXCURSION OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION TO BRIGHTON BEACH, JUNE 4TH.—SEE PAGE 283.

EL VAQUERO.

"AVE MARIA," a herder said,
One eye in sight of Santa Fé,
Where ground and blanket were his bed
And all around his cattle lay.

"Ave Maria, full of grace—"
How strangely solemn were the words,
In such a wild and dreary place,
Beneath the stars, among the herds.

"Santa Maria, Mother of God,"
Angel-like breezes came to take
The words thus spoken from the sod
To yonder sky while yet he spake.

"Pray for us sinners now," said he,
With earnest hope to be forgiven;
While distant hills all seemed to be
Steps leading from the plains to heaven.

"Pray for us in the hour of death,"
And softly still the murmuring came,
Until at last the lipping breath
Ceased with the sweet and holy name.

"Ave Maria" no more he said,
That eye in sight of Santa Fé;
When morning came a herder dead
Was found there where his cattle lay.

J. C. BURNETT.

WINIFRED'S FLOTSAM.

It was not because he was a woman-hater that Guy Averill, at seven-and-twenty, was still a bachelor and heart-whole. Until this Summer he had never been rich enough to support a wife; it was almost more than he could do to take care of himself, so he did not feel justified in paying attentions to any lady seriously.

Although he was industrious and talented, clients were few and far between—were almost unknown to the deserving young lawyer until he did not so sorely need them. One week—such is the perversity of fate—after he got news that an uncle had died and left him his sole heir, and found that he was sure of an income of nearly two thousand a year, then the world suddenly realized that young Averill was a very promising lawyer!

Having a good income and prospects of plenty of remunerative work, Guy Averill began to think seriously of matrimony, and rather eagerly accepted an invitation to accompany his chum, Cassius Barclay, to the little town of New Myrtle, where said chum's fiancée lived.

For this fiancée, Helen Tremaine, had, two sisters, and Mrs. Averill agreed with Cassius Barclay that there were not three such girls in the world as the three Tremaines. Mrs. Averill had met them one Winter in Washington and afterwards had spent six weeks at their house; hence Guy's invitation, though he had never seen one of the family.

He knew them all by description. Helen was not pretty, but was domestic, accomplished, and very charming; the next one, Winifred, was a great rider, swimmer, skater, archer—in fact, "awfully fast," though magnificently beautiful; so Guy felt a strong presentiment that while he would like Helen, and tolerate Winifred for her sake, he would be very sure to fall captive to the charms of nineteen-year-old Marcia, the gentle, fair, lovable girl whose picture he had so admired.

When he first saw Marcia, he was a little disappointed; her picture flattered her; but he soon forgot that in contemplation of her graceful figure, her gentle voice and her quiet womanly ways. He loved to see a woman all womanly, thought a needle and not a pen should be her tool, believed that the fireside was woman's sphere, and so on; all of which conditions Marcia filled.

"Your sister rides beautifully!" exclaimed Guy, a few hours after his arrival at Mrs. Tremaine's.

"Yes," answered Marcia, sweetly. "She ought to, she spends hours on her horse."

"Do you ride?"

"Not much. I don't care for such—such violent exercise. In fact, I don't have much time for it, I have a good deal of sewing to do, and—" Marcia hesitated and shook out her work rather ostentatiously.

"I didn't know you had any little folks in the house," said Guy, his attention thus drawn to the small apron in her hand.

"Oh, we haven't! This is for some of our poor Sunday-school children. When I am at a loss for employment I always know where to turn, in a manufacturing town like this there is so much suffering."

"Do your sisters aid you?"

"Helen can't, her *trousseau* keeps her busy now; and Winifred—well, I'd laugh to see her doing such work."

"As what?" asked Winifred, who had just entered.

"Sewing or embroidering," answered Marcia, not quite truthfully; but Guy, not knowing the difference between embroidery and plain sewing, was none the wiser.

"What is absurdly known as 'fancy' work I utterly abominate! It seems to me a great waste of time to pass hours and hours in making hideous tildies and mats, or high art curtains out of ticking and such stuff."

"Don't you ever sew?"

"Not if I can avoid it; certainly not for amusement."

"Not for the poor?"

"Yes, as Miss Marcia does."

"O—h! No, I don't work for the poor—as Marcia does," was Winifred's contemptuous reply.

And Guy was disgusted. How was he to know that the little apron in Marcia's hands would never have been thought of if Guy Averill (whose mother had written of his love for womanly women) had not been there to see and hear of it?

But though he was disgusted with this

athletic young woman's sentiments, he was by no means so with her. Her dark-blue riding-habit showed her supple form to perfection, her soft brown hair was ruffled by the wind, and her cheeks with health and vigor, and she was a great contrast to her pale home-keeping sister.

And as the days passed, Guy was compelled to change his first opinions of the sisters. Winifred's health, spirits and temper seemed to be perfect; Marcia, on the other hand, sometimes forgot her would-be gentleness and showed a snappish petulance that amazed Guy.

"What a helpful, cheery woman she would be!" meditated Guy, but not of Marcia. "No headaches, no sulks, no sharp speeches! But there, in a wife one needs domestic virtues as well as a good disposition; her ability to dance and ride, skate and swim, shoot and drive, will not keep my clothes in order, will not direct the household. Fancy this lovely young Amazon trying to cook a steak if there should be a rebellion in the kitchen!"

But though Guy thought he was fully determined to marry some one more like Marcia, yet Winifred ruled his dreams by day and night. At last he got to this pass:

"Will such a girl ever consent to settle down to domestic life? Will she not laugh at me if I dare to speak of love?"

One day Helen and Cassius went to a neighboring town on business, and Marcia, Winifred and Guy went rowing on the river, a narrow, deep and rapid stream. Just after the girls had landed, Marcia spied an empty basket floating down the stream and declared that she wanted it, so Guy rowed out alone to get it.

Suddenly, they never knew why, the boat capized, and Guy in trying to regain it was carried yet further down the stream.

"Never mind the boat!" shouted Winifred. "Swim ashore, the current is very strong."

Which Guy at last concluded to do. When nearly in-shore he was suddenly seized with cramps and could swim no further. Marcia shrieked and wrung her hands, and cried:

"Oh, he'll drown—he'll drown!"

"Hold your tongue! Run to Patterson's for help," cried Winifred, peremptorily, and at the same time sprang into the river herself.

In a few seconds she was beside the sinking man, clutching him firmly by the arm with one of her strong hands she struck out slowly but surely for the shore. Guy was tall and well proportioned, and it took all her strength to get him to land, but she did it and none too soon, for her own strength was giving out.

"The heavens be praised!" cried Jim Patterson. "It is lucky for poor Mr. Averill that he wasn't alone with Miss Marcia! It's a strong arm and a courageous heart you've got, Miss Winifred! Come, Joe, lend a hand and we'll carry him home. Faith, but he's heavy."

The doctor was summoned, and Guy's inopportune cramp proved to have been caused by a disordered system, consequently he was quite ill for some days.

His mother was sent for, and he had the best of care, though he would rather have had Winifred with him more. It was always Marcia who fanned him and read to him in his mother's absence, though Winifred always brought him his meals, and somehow the heretofore-admired sweetness began to pall. He sighed for a little breezy chat, as on a warm Summer afternoon one will sigh for an invigorating sea-breeze.

"Mother," said he, suddenly, the first day he was able to sit up, "which do you like best, Winifred or Marcia?"

"Just the question I have intended to ask you," was Mrs. Averill's diplomatic reply.

"Marcia is very gentle."

"Very; and so quiet."

"Winifred is strong, mentally as well as physically."

"She is an admirable girl."

Clearly he would get no decided opinion from his mother. He began again:

"The fellow that gets either of them for a wife will be lucky!"

"Very true. Is there any prospect that my boy will be so lucky?"

"I wish there was"—with a sigh. "But I fear not; she is so—so strong-minded."

"Thank fortune, it is Winifred!" thought Mrs. Averill. But she said: "Who? Marcia?"

"Marcia! Oh, mother," he laughed, "I never thought you'd be so sarcastic! No, I mean Winifred, of course. Dear, courageous girl! I owe my life to her bravery!"

"Indeed you do."

"What I fear is that so grand, so large-hearted a girl—one so full of vigorous life—will never consent to settle down in the quiet way in which my wife may have to live for a little while, for two thousand a year is not limitless. Fancy Winifred pottering over domestic details, regulating the servants and ordering the dinners! Fancy my queen in a dark, dirty kitchen!"

"Winifred Tremaine will never permit her kitchen to be dirty! Guy, who do you suppose has prepared your tea and toast, your beef-tea and toast, your *blancmange* and wine-jelly, your dropped eggs, your little dainties of all sorts, these three weeks past?"

"Why, the cook, of course!"

"By no means. Winifred has herself prepared every mouthful she has brought you; she makes every loaf of bread and cake, every pudding and pie, that is eaten in this house."

"You amaze me!"

"Why? Because she don't make a show of her work? Because she enjoys out-door life after attending to her domestic duties? She is not only a good rider and all that, but she is thoroughly and practically domestic."

Guy didn't say any more then, but he did considerable thinking. A week later he said to Winifred:

"I have never yet thanked you for saving my life, Miss Tremaine—"

"Please say no more!" she cried, haughty.

"What else could I have done?"

"And I am not going to thank you until I know whether my rescued life is to be one of happiness or misery. Winifred, I love you very dearly! Can you love me a little? Can you consent to be my wife? If not, if you give me no hope, I shall blame you for not letting me drown that day. Just one word, darling!"

"I—I don't like to be blamed."

And Guy didn't blame her.

Cassius Barclay always calls his wife's brother-in-law, "Winifred's flotsam," and says: "Helen, your sister's flotsam really is a little too good to have been left as food for the fishes."

THE PASSION PLAY IN 1880.

OBERAMMERGAU AND ITS ATTRACTIONS—THE CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY, ETC.

OBERAMMERGAU, May 17th, 1880.

THE curtain has descended upon the awful realism of the piteous Passion Play, the tragedy of tragedies, and I feel as though I had just returned from "the blood-stained Hill of the Cross," outside the walls of Jerusalem. I am awed, bewildered, dazed! Have I gone back eighteen hundred years, and has my life with its paltry gleanings been but a dream? Am I now only awakened? Do Mary, and Magdalene, and St. John, and the disciples mourn beside me? Is the blood shed for the redemption of man not yet dry upon the wood of that ghastly cross? Are the foot-steps of Christ, as he staggered beneath the weight of his unendurable burden, still fresh on the Via Dolorosa? I ask myself all these things as I sit pondering over the strangest, most marvelous and the most awe-inspiring and most gruesome sight it is possible for man to gaze upon. I have been to Calvary. *Satis est!*

Before describing the Passion Play at Oberammergau, the first representation of which I have this day witnessed, I shall briefly state that I left New York on the 30th of April in the good ship *Herder*, of the Hamburg line, in command of the lynx-eyed Captain Brandt; that we reached Hamburg on the 12th of May; that I went thence by train via Berlin to Dresden and Munich, where I encountered the first evidences of the forthcoming Passion Play in the enormous posters announcing special trains, etc. From the Bavarian capital I took the route by rail to Murnan, the nearest station to Oberammergau, reaching the latter place by a carriage, drive of a few hours. The road among the mountains was enlivened with vehicles of all sorts, shapes, sizes and descriptions.

The village, which I approached on foot, I found to be rich in deep-eaved houses, all unexpected galleries and gables, and colonies of espial, and brave and coquettish in new coats of paint, whitewash and varnish. Reaching it, I sought the Burgomaster, and in him I found a—donkey. Armed with a brief authority, he rallied and ranted at the pressure put upon him to find shelter for the incoming pilgrims, as though rehearsing the part of *Cathaphas*, which, to do him justice, he acted "excellent well" upon the following day. I quitted him in disgust, and proceeded to work out my own pattern within my own rights and privileges. I repaired to the house of *Herod*, but he wouldn't listen to me. *St. Peter* denied me admittance. *Judas* refused my pieces of silver. *Pilate* washed his hands of me. *Joseph of Arimathea* was three deep, and, after a weary searching, I found sanctuary in the house of the worthy Frau Krach, to whose daughter Anastasia was cast the part of the *Virgin Mother* in the coming play. My apartment I could not whip a cat in. It was only to be reached by passing up a ladder through a hole in the ceiling of the principal sitting-room. My bed—ah, that bed! Talk of the rack of the inquisition! The instrument of torture exhibited to awe-stricken visitors to the Tower of London! and yet I slept on it—not much thought—and it was neat as the collar of any Puritan maiden ever put on canvas by Boughton. My pillows were square, and flat, and hard as cricket-balls, while my quilt was of balloon shape and inflated by feathers. It lay on my chest like a warm plaster, but at every movement of my tortured frame, it rolled or floated to the floor. Then, uttering full-flavored language, I was compelled to fish for it in the darkness, to clasp it on my chest only to insure its instant removal. Around the apartment hung representations of the supreme moments in the agonies of the personages mentioned in Fox's Book of Martyrs, and, in one corner—oh, Chattering! oh, Erard!—a piano—yes, a piano with wooden keys, with strings to operate the pedal, and which, when played upon, emitted a gasping, wheezing jingle, suggestive of music in its very last throes. The ceiling was low, and if my head—I am six feet in my stockings—were to be examined by a skillful phrenologist at this blessed moment, I have little doubt but that he would endow me with every development, abnormally extensive, known to his mysterious and yet unsatisfactory science. What did I pay for this accommodation? Please to remember that the village was swarming with tourists to whom reckless expenditure upon creature comfort had developed into a necessity. Two marks! Fifty cents! If Frau Krach had demanded as many marks as *Judas* received from the Sanhedrim, I would have paid them without a murmur. I was in a Christian country at last.

Having deposited my *impedimenta*, I sallied forth to satisfy the inner man, and repaired to the Gasthof Stern, where I partook of a liver soup and a veal outlet worthy of Delmonico, washing them down with copious libations to *Gambirinus*. Let me advise Americans about to visit Oberammergau to try this hospitality. I heard many murmurings against the fare in other hotels; none against the Stern. Tourists everywhere, from the Vienna swell to the London *Arty*; from the meek Irish priest to the port-wine-nosed Anglican prelate, endeavoring to conceal the "fat living" behind a giddy Tweed suit and a disreputable wide-awake. Vainly did I seek for piquant and perfect toilets from Fifth Avenue, and for the dainty *chaperone* which distinguishes the daughters of America wherever they set their tiny feet; vainly for the irrepressible "downy Easter," or the rough-and-ready representative of the West. Not yet. There were not half a dozen Americans at the first representation of the "Passion Play." The French element was conspicuous by its absence, and, with the exception of the correspondent of the *Paris Figure*, the land of the Gaul was unrepresented. Of English there were about one thousand. They did not seem to fraternize, and the Browns kept haughtily aloof from the Joneses, while the Robinsons gazed stonily at both. Peasants from the Tyrol, from the neighboring villages, came flocking into the village, attired in quaint and picturesque dresses; but, alas! that I have to write it, the tide of progress is washing away national costume all over the world, and a great wave would seem to have swept over Bavaria. Few were the men in short jackets and knee-breeches and elaborate gaiters and coucal hats; fewer still the women in black satin corsets, scarlet skirts, vivid hose, pointed shoes and gold-bedecked head-dresses. The large earrings still remain; but one might as well be in a village on the Hudson as on the Ammer, so far as similarity of costume is concerned. The Dedouin Arab will soon change his burnoose for an

water, and the ladies of a Coptic harem their yashmak for hats à la Gainsborough.

What a quantity of beer was consumed on that Saturday night! but all in good humor and good fellowship. What a number of Brat-Wix—those dumpy, dyspeptic-looking sausages which the Bavarians love not wisely but too well! Every long-haired man was treated with marked respect, as he represented some character in the Passion Play, while all hats were raised whenever Joseph Meyer, the *Christ*, passed on his way. The Great Tragedy was the one universal theme, and tiny children lurked in quiet corners rehearsing their parts for the coming tableaux.

On Sunday morning I repaired to the church and assisted at a High Mass magnificently sung. Colonel Mapleson should hear the soprano. The manner in which the acolytes served the Mass gave me a foretaste of the exquisite grace of the actors in the play, while the mode of the responses to a litany by the congregation evinced a superb and faultless training. In the churchyard I encountered Anastasia Krach, the *Madonna*, and accompanied her home. Up to two months ago she was a domestic servant in the village. She is a modest, starry-eyed girl of eighteen, with a bright sweet smile, and a general I know not what of guilelessness about her that eminently fits her for the high role she has been selected to play.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I love the part. I feel so holy, so good when I am acting, it seems as if I was in the House of God and before the altar. I cry very much at the Calvary—I cannot help it. The tears come in my eyes all the time I am playing. I am utterly exhausted when it is over, but I feel—oh, I cannot tell how I feel." I had many conversations with this girl, and her whole soul seemed wrapped up in the glorification of being elected to play the *Madonna*. I may say that she is a very poor actress, and her voice is far from being musical. The theatre is close to the village, and is a structure of very unpretending exterior. It is built entirely of boards, and is partly open to the sky. Considered in its relation to architectural beauty the interior presents nothing of importance except its simplicity. The auditorium has in width 118 feet, and in depth 168. It occupies an area of nearly 20,000 square feet, and is capable of conveniently seating an audience of from five to six thousand people. The stage has been treated at considerable length by most writers on the Passion Play. Some have found in it traces of the ancient classic theatre of Greece. To others, again, it presents traces and a more perfect form of the mystery theatre of the Middle Ages. The spectator sees, in all, five distinct places of action for the players—first, the proscenium for the chorus, for processions and the like; second, the central stage for the *tableaux vivants* and the usual dramatic scenes; third, the Palace of Pilate; fourth, the Palace of Annas; fifth, the streets of Jerusalem. But, oh, the background, did any theatre ever possess the like? That glorious wall of softest green towering to the sky, the pines standing like needles against the azure! That green plush mantle fringed with foliage which Nature has knelt out to be kissed by the sun. On the left the vale of Ammergau, with its flower-dappled meads and its solemn stream stretching away in the distance; behind, the cross-crowned Kofel two thousand feet sheer above the nestling village.

It was while I was engaged in inspecting the theatre, that I met Joseph Meyer, the *Christ*. He was smoking a very bad cigar. Having replaced it by a genuine Victoria Reina, I asked him how he liked it with him. He is tall, slight, graceful, humble, and very civil. His eyes are not as large as I could wish them to be, nor as sweet, and his hair and beard are almost black. Now the wine-color that Guido loved to paint has never been branded in my imagination as the true Nazarene, consequently I felt disappointed in Meyer's general appearance. He is supremely but calmly elated at being permitted to play the leading role. He performed it in 1870 and 1871, and the King, in order to save Meyer's hair during the Franco-German war, ordered him to be detailed on orderly duty in Munich instead of being sent to the front, as was poor *Cimon of Cyrene*, who was killed at Sedan.

"I feel as if I should like to die on the cross like my Lord and Master," said Meyer. "I feel as if the bloody sweat was pouring from me when I kneel in the Garden of Gethsemane, and I wish that I were really scourged. I feel faint when I bear the cross to Calvary; and when I utter the last words of Him, it is as if my soul was going away from me." Becoming more natural, and in reply to an inquiry of mine: "I remain twenty minutes on the cross. I am sustained by a loop attached to a pair of corsets, just like a woman's; my left heel rests on a wooden step on the cross. Come with me and I'll show you the cross."

I went behind the scenes and examined the mechanism by which the cross is elevated, and the other appliances and "properties" connected with the drama. I may mention that when I met Meyer this evening, after his eight long hours of masterful performance, he ever and anon hunched his individual, and was nowise elated by his supreme success. The English ladies surround him, nay, absolutely mob him, and one enthusiastic dame, although she dropped her h's, could not be induced to drop his hands, to which she clung with the tenacity of a cupping-glass. *Magdalene* I found, like Werther's "Charlotte," engaged in cutting bread and butter. She is a bright, intelligent, laughing girl, not by any means pretty, who takes a childish delight in talking about the forthcoming performance.

"Won't you watch me when I pour the ointment on His head," she exclaimed, "and on His feet. That is the part of the play I feel most inspired in."

Magdalene lives at home and takes care of her brothers and sisters. The father is a musician, and sub-leader of the church choir. My last visit was to Gregor Lechner, the *Judas*, who has played this part since 1860. He is considered the best actor in the drama. Like Meyer, he is a carver in wood. The former excels in crucifixes, the latter in groups. I found him posing opposite a very fair copy of Leonardo da Vinci's celebrated picture of the "Last Supper." He is a man of sixty, with a low, cunning expression and a restless, furtive eye. He had dyed his hair and beard to a rich purple, which seemed to render his appearance even more repulsive to me.

"I am the shadow, as Christ is light in the play," he said. "I feel the villain. I feel myself to be the vilest wretch and traitor all through the piece. I loathe, abhor myself; and when I kiss my Master I am ready to hang myself. The kiss is my great point; I throw all my dramatic talent—for I do possess dramatic talent—into that action. See," he added, pointing to the *Judas* in the "Last Supper," "look at that pose, that expression! Watch me now," and Lechner in a second assumed the hideous, anxious cunning, as depicted by Da Vinci on the face of the traitor of traitors.

A Church of England service was announced for eleven o'clock at a *gasthof*, the entire *gasthof* of which was concealed behind the enormous posters of an enterprising excursionizing firm, to the great disgust of the inhabitants. The congregation numbered forty, and the collection, a very generous one, was handed to the curé of the village for distribution amongst the poorest of his flock. Having gladly accepted the invitation to dinner from the Graf von Pappenheim, I walked out to Eitel. The road was literally blocked by incoming vehicles, while the sidewalk was equally crowded. That delightful evening at the monastery will live in the very heart of my brightest recollections. The high-bred courtesy of the Grand Mareschal, the winsome grace of the countess, who is a sister of Count Schouvaloff, Russian Ambassador at the Court of St. James, and the supreme beauty and elegance of the ladies Katrina, Anastasia and Edith, daughters of a hundred—nay, a thousand earls. That wondrous old dinner-room, with its oak paneling and outlined trophies, wax-lighted, the charming heads of the young countesses in delicate relief against the grim, dark wainscot. The post-prandial promenade in the red brick-paved cloister, lighted by a few quaint oil-lamps and the tender beams of the young May moon, and the Alps, like giant phas-

forms, over-arching all. The music in the *salon*—guitar and piano; the recitations by the Lady Katrina; the wondrous old songs and priceless *brac-d-brac*; the wild student songs of the counts, Max and Ludwig, up in an apartment once the cell of a bloodless Benedictine! What a picture to frame in one's memory!

I could have slept on Sunday night, and slept soundly to boot, but for the chattering of a bevy of "strapping wenches," who had anchored their long, white canvas-roofed wagon—a prairie-ship—right beneath my window. These damsels laughed and chatted all through the short night, and I was just on the threshold of my forty winks when, boom went the first gun, announcing that the performance of the Passion Play of 1880 would commence in three hours—namely, at eight o'clock. Masses were celebrated in the church from midnight, and a procession, with a band—headed by the fire brigade, five in number, very brassy as to helmet—marched bravely through the village at six o'clock. Everybody was up, and everybody looked fresh, rosy and expectant. By half-past seven every available place in the theatre claimed its occupant to the number of six thousand, while upwards of three thousand Passion pilgrims failed to obtain admittance. In order to foil the artful designs of certain speculators, it has been ordered that no person can obtain a ticket for the performance until he has registered as a lodger in the village, his landlord standing sponsor. This should be borne in mind by such Americans as resolve to "take in" Oberammergau during their Summer wanderings.

One word about the origin of the play: the curtain rings up. In the year 1683 a fearful pestilence broke out in the neighboring villages; so fearful, indeed, it was thought everybody would die. In Kohlgrub, distant three hours from Ammergau, so great was the ravages made by the disease that only two married couples were left in the village. Notwithstanding the strict measures taken by the people of Ammergau to prevent the plague being introduced into this village, a day laborer named Caspar Schuchter, who had been working at Eichenlohe, where the plague prevailed, succeeded in entering the village, where he wished to visit his wife and children. In a day or two he was a corpse; he had brought with him the germs of the plague, which spread with such fearful rapidity that within the following thirty-three days eighty-four persons belonging to the village died. Then the villagers in this sad trial assembled and solemnly vowed that if God would remove the pestilence they would perform the Passion tragedy in thanksgiving every tenth year. In 1684 the first play was performed. The decade chosen for 1880, and the first time the Passion Play has been performed every tenth year with various interruptions since that time. The great training-school for the Passion Play has been all along the village church, with its purely Catholic ceremonies, its processions, its music and its song. To the *Geldlacher*—Rath Dalsenberger—the play at Oberammergau owes its present success. The venerable man—he is now eighty-five years of age, formerly a monk at the Monastery of Ebnat—has for the last fifty years educated his flock for the performance. He has rewritten the play and some of the score. The addresses of the Chorus are written by him after the Greek model of Strophe and Antistrophe. He was present to-day and announced himself as thoroughly delighted with the acting of the *corps dramatique*. A dead silence fell upon the vast audience as the third cannon boomed, and the chorus of *Schutzegeister* or Guardian Angels stepped slowly and solemnly forward from recesses on either side of the proscenium, taking up their position across the whole extent of the theatre and forming a slightly concave line. They number nineteen, ten of whom are women. Each is dressed in a white robe with a flower of rich color, and a crown or tiara immediately before the Crucifixion, when they assume black. A golden tiara is worn on the head. The play is in eighteen acts, each act containing a series of dramatic scenes complete in itself, prepared by one or more *tableaux vivants*, the subject of which is taken from the Old Testament. These tableaux stand in the closest connection with the dramatic part of the performance, being so many symbols and prophecies of the scenes from the life of Christ, which they are intended to illuminate. After the chorus has assumed its position, the *Chorus* or *Prologue* gives out in a melodramatic manner the opening address, or prologue, which introduces each act: the tone is immediately taken up by the whole chorus, which continues either in solo, alternately, or in chorus, until the curtain is raised in order to reveal a *tableau vivant*. At this moment the *Chorus* retires a few steps backward, and forms, with one-half of the band, a division on the left of the stage; while the other half withdraws in a like manner to the right. Thus they leave the centre of the stage completely free, and the spectators have a full view of the *tableau* which is thus revealed. These spiritual pictures prepare the audience for the approaching scenes, and, while gratifying the ear by delicious harmonies, they explain and interpret the relation which shadow bears to substance, the connection between the type and its fulfillment, and, as the name implies, they must ever be present as guardian spirits, as heavenly monitors, during the entire performance. The main object, the whole extent and scope of the Passion Play, is exhibited in two tableaux. The first type represents the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Eden—symbolical of the fall; the second, the Adoration of the Cross—typical of Redemption. The first verse of the intoned prologue fell with powerful intensity upon the ear, and the silence was almost painful. The sun shone upon the mountains and valley and river; upon the streets of Jerusalem; upon the homes of *Anna* and *Maria*; and to add to the realism, birds flew swiftly about, blithely twittering upon the house-tops. A tiny child, clad in dead green, bare-legged and shading its eyes with its hands, came suddenly into the blazing daybreak from out a house in Jerusalem. This was the first performer who appeared in the Passion Play of 1880. I can but refer briefly to the performance of the action of the Passion. The first dramatic act is *Christ's entry into Jerusalem*. From the distance beyond the city, as it were, sounds of rejoicing, of glad shouting, of singing, are heard. Down the slope of Olivet comes the Messianic procession, and we hear the singing and rejoicing of the crowds of *Passion pilgrims*, and the people of Jerusalem, who welcome *Jesus* to the Holy City. From the side streets bands of Hebrew children, led by their parents, come forth to join the throng that has already collected about *Christ*. The crowd opens, and *Christ* appears seated on an ass. His disciples immediately following. When *Christ* appeared, the audience uttered a murmur, which died as quietly as it was born. There was over five hundred persons on the stage, each waving a palm-branch. Such a combination of color I have never seen—such sage greens, and dead yellows, and blues and purples!—such artistic groupings, such realism! The bare-legged, bare-footed children, frisking as children frisk, everybody gazing at *Christ* and not at the audience. The *Saviour* was attired in a dove-colored flowing robe, with a reddish-purple mantle. The portrait was intensely Nazarene, and seemingly transferred from the canvas of an old master. Yet no painting ever brought to my mind so complete a realization of my ideal as this dramatic delineator, whose life has been one of years of preparation for his task. No spectator could have gazed upon the *Saviour* as represented by Meyer and remain untouched by the solemnity and grandeur of the scene. Meyer's action was full of marvelous grace, while all through the performance his exquisite humanity was painfully sympathetic. *St. John* was a vivid and beautiful picture in his green and red, and was also *Peter* in blue and yellow. *Judas* was a gaberdiene of pale yellow, with a mantle of reddish brick color.

Next followed the scene in the Temple, where *Christ* drives out the money-changers, overturning the table. Here we had a number of real doves let loose, while jars were smashed and coins plentifully scattered on the ground. In this act of the *Passion Play* we see the germ of the conspiracy that leads to the final catastrophe. The second act re-

veals the High Council, or scene in the Jewish Sanhedrim. The priests composing the assembly are seated on benches about the room, *Caiaphas* and *Annas* presiding, the former impersonated by the Burgomaster, whose breast is graced with the most sublime of all Jewish decorations—namely, the shield or breastplate containing twelve precious stones, with the names of the twelve tribes of Israel. *Caiaphas* was so energetic in this scene that he subsequently became as hoarse as a raven. The third act, fearfully realistic, represents the anointment. It is the house of *Simon* in Bethany. *Christ* and His disciples take places at the table, and *Maria* waits upon the guests. *Magdalene* enters, and, casting herself at the *Saviour's* feet, anoints them. The waste of this precious salve disturbs *Judas*, and his role now commences. This entire act is one of supreme interest and importance in the *Passion Play*. In act fourth we have *Christ's* last journey to Jerusalem. The *Saviour*, with His disciples, pass before us on the brow of Olivet. Before them lies the Holy City. *Christ* weeps over its doom. The second scene is the temptation of *Judas*. The next act, the fifth, was devoted to the Last Supper, preceded by the tableau of the rain of manna in the wilderness. Leonardo da Vinci's picture was represented in the most minute details—the positions taken at the table by the *Lord* and the twelve, the grouping—all, everything. *Jesus* proceeds to wash the feet of His disciples. The acting here was wonderfully impressive and realistic, as the *Saviour*, ever in hand, attended by servants with an earthly pitcher, bent over each foot, unwillingly unsanctified by the disciples, and gently lavied it. After this followed the institution of the Holy Sacrament. *Christ* here broke the bread, and gave a portion to each of His disciples in turn. *Judas* shrinks as he receives his. Then the *Saviour* raises the cup, uttering the words of eternal life. *St. John* presses his Master to tell who it is that will betray him, to which the *Saviour* replies, "He it is to whom I shall give a sop when I have dipped it." The moment the *Lord* gives the sop to *Judas*, the latter rushes from the apartment. In act sixth *Judas* appears before the Sanhedrim and consents to betray his Master. When the blood-money—the thirty pieces of silver—come to be counted out to the base traitor, he chinks them one by one to test them, and then, with a look of horror, the vast audience gave expression to their wrought-up feelings by laughter—yes, laughter! and it grated horribly on the ear. In fact, *Judas* is regarded by the Bavarians as the comic man of the piece, and even when he retires to hang himself, his exit is followed by laughter. Act seven brings us to the Garden at Gethsemane. *Jesus* enters, followed by His disciples. He prays while the others sleep, and when He raised himself from the ground, a bloody sweat was on his forehead. A murmur ran through the entire audience at this piteous sight. A laugh was raised when *Peter*, drawing his sword, cuts off the ear of *Machab*; but this was instantly repressed by an indignant "Hush!" Meyer's acting in this scene was perfect. When the act concluded—at twelve o'clock—the Burgomaster stepped forward in plain attire and announced a recess of one hour and a half. A vast majority of the audience retained their seats, while the remainder repaired to the village for dinner. Those who remained picnicked, the sausage and white wine *du pays* serving as the *al fresco* meal.

Precisely at half-past one the second division of the *Passion Play* commenced, which comprises from the captivity in Gethsemane to the Resurrection and Ascension. It was in act eight, when *Jesus* appeared on the balcony of the house of *Annas* that occurred a weird and wondrous and awful scene. *Christ* was standing before *Annas* and had just been struck on the face by *Bulus*, when suddenly the heavens became black as ink—"a noonday night"—causing the gigantic mountains to stand out in horrid distinctness. A flash of lightning, the blinding lightning blazed across the glorious face of the man-God. Then came a clap of thunder that crashed with the crack of doom among the Alps, followed by the rolling of heaven's artillery, the artillery of the Great Captain! It was a moment of paramount grandeur. An awful accessory to the awful tragedy, an awful setting to an awful picture, the *Christ* led before *Caiaphas*, looking divinely beautiful. In this act *Peter* denies his Master, and the performer to whom was entrusted the crowing of the cock acquitted himself so admirably that all the roosters in the village seemed instantly to reply. Act ten is devoted to the despair of *Judas*, who utters his unendurable torture in masterly words and with a superb act. On the stage is the *Christ* in the field of blood, and as the arch-traitor flies to it to fling away his accursed life, the audience, I regret to write it, burst into loud and continued laughter. *Christ* is led before *Pilate* in act eleven. In act twelve the *Man of Sorrows* is brought before *Herod*, and in act thirteen takes place the scourging and crowning. This was horribly realistic, and as the great gods of blood and iron in the *Christ* led before *Caiaphas*, the crown of thorns had been pressed upon His head, a thrill of awe vibrated through the spectators as if on the same heart beat. The resignation in the scene was a marvel of acting. Meyer never allows the dignity of *Christ* to suffer, and when pushed off the stool to the ground, he falls so as not to detract from His dignity, and the intended degradation of maltreatment reflects upon His accusers. In act fourteen *Christ* is sentenced to death. Even the *role of Arabab*, who held the stage for a brief moment, was admirably impersonated. The bearing of the cross to Golgotha, after the picture of *Paul Veronese*, in act fifteen, is one of the most marvelous scenes of this most marvelous and piteous spectacle. Over six hundred people come upon the stage—a very mass of color combination. *Christ*, meekly bearing His unendurable burden, appears in the street to the right, followed by the Roman soldiers and the populace. On the left, *Mary* and *Magdalene* and *John* stand in the street, unconscious that the *Man of Sorrows* approaches. The captain of the guard is mounted. *Jesus* stops opposite a house the owner whereof tantalizingly bids him press on to Calvary. The *Saviour* regards him for one second. That man is doomed forever to walk the earth as the *Wandering Jew*. *St. Veronica* meets the *Lord* and offers him a linen cloth. He wipes the bloody sweat from his brow and hands the cloth to her. It is impressed with his divine image. *Simon* of Cyrene takes the cross upon his stalwart shoulders. Never shall I forget the expression of *Christ* as he turned to the poor carpenter, uttering the "glad tidings of great joy." "The blessing of God be upon thee and thine." The sobbing of the spectators was the only sound now to be heard as the procession wended its way along the Via Dolorosa. The Crucifixion was a ghastly, a terrible, an awful realism. The curtain rose to the hideous sound of the hammer, and the three crosses lay upon the ground, each laden with its victim. These of the two first were first set on high, then came that of *Christ*, the inscription having been nailed on at the last moment. I dare not attempt to describe this scene. Any words that I could pen would fail to afford the faintest idea of the soul-awing spectacle. *Jesus*, as in Rubens's great picture, hangs suspended before us, the divine head gently reclining on the naked breast, the hands pinioned, and, as *St. John* Greck tracked, the divine face, pale and bloody, pierces His side with a lance, and the blood gushes forth, a short, sharp cry of agony came from the spectators, and a thousand faces paled. The whole scene of that bloody sacrifice is enacted, even to the breaking of the limbs of the malefactors. The Descent from the Cross was a marvel of affectionate reverence. Never did the *Christ* descend from the cross more piously care, more delicate handling. It was an exact copy of the great painting at Antwerp of Rubens. In act seventeen we had the Resurrection, and in the last act the Ascension.

Having witnessed the *Passion Play*, I believe it to be the outcome of the pure enthusiasm of believing minds. No longer look upon it as an interesting relic of the past, long distant, out of keeping with the times, lingering on a threatened existence; but as upon the most marvelous and elevated dramatic exhibition of our epoch, and the perfection of the

religious drama. I quitted that rude theatre awed, bewildered, subdued, and I pray that the impressions left by the play, so simple, so powerful, so grand, may be never erased from my heart.

NUGENT ROBINSON.

AN EXCURSION OF PHYSICIANS.

THE convention of the American Medical Association, which closed its session in this city June 4th, was an occasion of great interest to the profession generally, and to the participants was most enjoyable throughout. Not only were members of the convention—some 1,200 in all—formally received and entertained by Mayor Cooper and others, but, after the adjournment, they were given an excursion on the steamer *Grand Republic* up the North River to the Palisades, up the East River to Long Island City and thence to West Brighton Beach. It was estimated that there were 1,800 people on the boat. Many of them, particularly the ladies, soon became hungry under the invigorating influence of the sea air. No provision had been made for feeding the excursionists on the boat, but two reporters, having discovered a barrel of "hard tack" in the steward's room, the steward soon found himself overrun with customers, who bought the crackers at five cents each. At West Brighton Beach the excursionists fared somewhat better. Apart from the drawbacks attending the feeding of such a multitude, the excursion was very enjoyable, and, during the home trip, a meeting was held and a vote of thanks was tendered to William Wood & Co., who paid the expenses of the entertainment. We illustrate some of the incidents of the trip on page 281.

Gladstone and his Physician.

IT is stated that Mr. Gladstone has taken office in direct opposition to the advice of his medical advisers. This is probably the case. Other men have been Prime Ministers when past seventy, but they have not combined the functions of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that, too, after such a terrific strain as the Midlothian campaign. Lord Palmerston only worked hard at very long intervals, and took excellent care of himself. Lord Russell had a wife who kept him in cotton-wool, nor did he, after he was sixty, do any very exhaustive work. Had Mr. Gladstone been content to take office as Premier, with a seat in the Lords, there is no saying how long he might not have held the position so far as health is concerned, but it is highly improbable that he will now be able to do so. About seventeen years ago he broke down in a manner which for a brief while occasioned great alarm to his friends, and although very little was publicly said about it, he showed one evening painful symptoms of an overworked brain. Many of his friends hope, for the interest of himself and his party, that after this session he will be induced to resign the Chancellorship of the Exchequer.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Prince of Wales at Truro.

IT was in the double capacity of Duke of Cornwall and Grand Master of the English Freemasons that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales performed the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the new cathedral of Truro. The proceedings were conducted with magnificent pomp and splendor, and the day being gloriously fine, the tens of thousands of visitors who flocked into the town from near and far throughout the country were amply gratified with the spectacle afforded them, and the festivities in which they took part. The bishop commenced the ceremony with the religious service ordained for such occasions; and then the Prince, advancing, went through the imposing rites of the Masonic ceremony, speaking the solemn words and performing the semi-mystical rites of the craft with a dignity befitting the occasion. He used the mallet belonging to Old St. Paul's Lodge, to whom it was presented by Sir Christopher Wren, and which was handled by Charles II. when laying the foundation-stone of St. Paul's Cathedral.

The Charlemagne Statue at Paris.

THE equestrian statue of Charlemagne which is to be erected in the court of the Church of Our Lady in Paris is the work of the Rochet Brothers. One of them, Louis, died from the effects of a too severe application to the modeling of the statue and the preparations for the casting. The Rochet Brothers had previously designed and cast the equestrian statue of William the Conqueror, erected at Falaise, and that of Dom Pedro at Rio de Janeiro. But Charlemagne is considered the greatest of all their works. The pedestal which is to support the magnificent sculpture was designed by Viollet Leduc a short time before his death.

The Wreck of the "Alabama."

ONE of the most curious naval accidents on record recently occurred to the English steamer *Alabama*, which sailed from this country with a load of grain for Havre. She ran upon the breakwater at the mouth of the Seine at high tide, and, as the tide fell; no precaution having been taken to prevent the strain, she parted in the middle just in front of the smoke-stack. Brown Brothers, English engineers, undertook, with the aid of M. Leclaire, a French engineer, to transport the parts of the *Alabama* to Havre and solder her together. This bold project has been carried out, and we show the arrival of the bow at Havre. The stern is there long before this. The cargo was, of course, easily removed, and the opening temporarily covered with diagonal planking.

African Chiefs in Buckingham Palace.

ON Friday, May 14th, Queen Victoria gave an audience to three Uganda chiefs, special ambassadors of King Mutesa. The object of their visit is to see England and the English in order to carry back a report to their sovereign, who is undoubtedly the most enlightened monarch in Central Africa, of the power of England and the friendliness of its people. They are also bearers of a message of good will from King Mutesa to England, and are sent to bear testimony to the progress of Christianity in the centre of Africa. These chiefs were received by Her Majesty at Buckingham Palace in order to present a letter from King Mutesa, being introduced to the Queen by General Sir Francis Seymour, K. C. B., the Master of Ceremonies.

Dupuis Street and Gate, Ha-Noi.

France acquired a foothold in Cochinchina in 1861, and in 1874, by the treaty of Saigon, obtained from Tu Duc, Emperor of Annam, the cities of Ha-Noi and Haiphong in Tonquin. The people of this latter province wish to throw off the yoke of Annam and restore their kingly line under French protection. The street and gate at Ha-Noi are constantly called by the people the Dupuis Street and gate, to honor a French officer of the name, who did much to secure their liberty. At this gate Dupuis barricaded himself when the brave Frenchman Garnier was massacred here by the Annamites. The picture gives an idea of the difference between China and Tonquin. The houses, in roof and arrangement, are more European, although the gates and sheds and verandas, as well as the dress of the people, remind us of China.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Nihilist agitation in Russia is said to be declining.

—THE army-worm is causing great destruction to the crops in New Jersey and on Long Island.

—ACCOUNTS from all parts of Ireland regarding the state of the crops give the highest promise of abundance.

—THE Greek Government is collecting war material and preparing, when the right time arrives, to occupy the new territory claimed by Greece.

—PRINCE RUSSAK has delivered to Austria an invitation to send a representative to the Berlin Conference, which is to meet on the 16th of July.

—COLONEL PASHKOFF, the leader of the new evangelical movement in Russia, has, at the instance of the Holy Synod, been ordered to quit Russia forthwith.

—THE London *Standard* confirms the report of a civil war in the Argentine Confederation, and that Buenos Ayres is in the hands of a provisional government.

—THE French Chamber of Deputies has fixed as the national fête day the 14th of July—the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille—instead of the Imperial day, the 15th of August.

—THE gavel used by the presiding officer at the Chicago Convention is made from wood taken from Lincoln's home, the handle being a cane grown on the Mount Vernon estate. It was a handsome souvenir for Senator Hoar to carry home with him.

—THE German Technical Naval Commission have decided almost unanimously against making any alteration in the steering orders for mercantile ships, in consequence of the new regulations on the subject issued by the Admiralty for the Imperial Navy.

—THE opening of the Mount Vesuvius Railway took place on June 6th, and was celebrated by a splendid fête. Several successful ascents were made. The time occupied in the journey from the foot of the mountain to the terminus of the railway was eight minutes.

—THE German defense tax Bill, which is estimated to yield \$5,000,000, provides that those in receipt of an income under \$250 shall pay \$1 a year, while those having \$250 to \$1,500 will be subject to an additional tax of from \$2.50 to \$35. The tax on incomes from \$1,200 and upward will be at the rate of three per cent. for every \$250 of income.

—THE English torpedo ship *Hecla* has been ordered to Bantay Bay to carry out, with the ships of the Channel Squadron, an extensive series of experiments in submarine mining and torpedo attack. A new system of defense is to be tried, and in choosing Bantay Bay as the scene of these experiments the Admiralty desire to keep it from being made known.

—IN case of the mobilization of the German army, each soldier receives two salicylic acid plugs of different dimensions, which he may, if wounded, himself introduce into his wounds. These plugs consist of a piece of gauze 15 to 16 square cm., in which is rolled one or two grammes of a salicylic acid wadding. They are made loose so as to take any form.

—EAST of the River Jordan there is an Arab tribe which has embraced the Catholic faith, and is ministered unto by a native Italian priest. These Arabs wander about from place to place with their flocks of sheep, and when their tent is pitched in any place a temporary building to serve as a church is put up. Other Arab tribes, it is said, are disposed to follow this example.

—PETROLEUM is now used for the illumination of all except three of the lighthouses of the coast of France. A portion of the money saved by this change has been expended in augmenting the illuminating power of the lanterns. Experiments have lately shown that petroleum may safely be employed for floating lights also, and a light of this kind in the Bay of Biscay is now maintained by it.

—ORDERS have been sent to General Sir Donald Stewart, the British commander at Kabul, to withdraw his forces with the least delay compatible with the health of the troops. Kabul is to be evacuated by the end of October. The surplus members of General Stewart's staff and the surplus war material are to be returned to India forthwith. It is believed that Gandamak and the Shutarwardan Pass will be the extreme points of the British occupation.

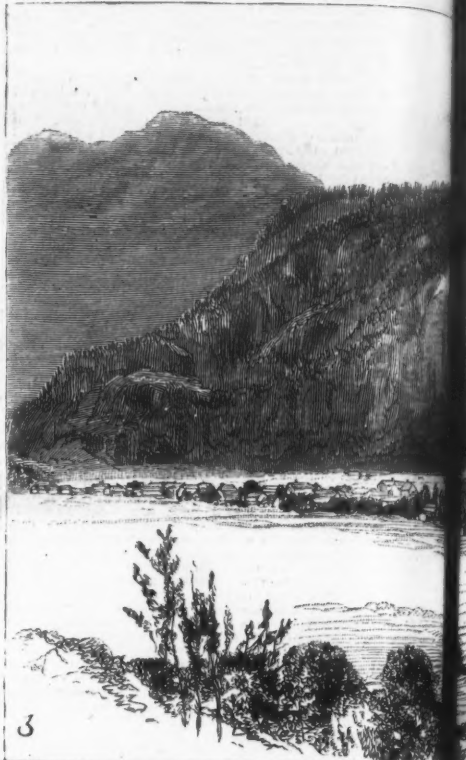
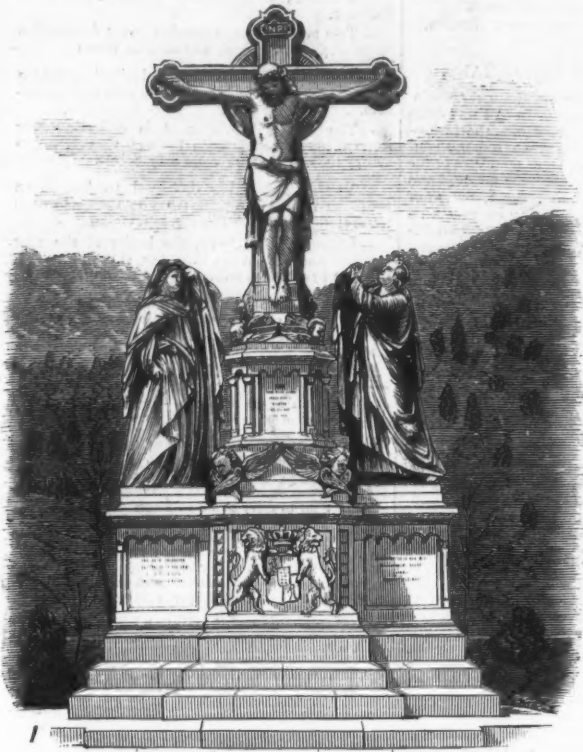
—THE Prussian Parliamentary Committee on the Church Bill is gradually approaching the end of its labors. The positive result of its deliberations hitherto is not very gratifying to the Government, and when the Bill comes again before the House it can only present the appearance of a legislative torso. Whether Prince Bismarck will acquiesce in the changes suggested by the committee is very doubtful. Meanwhile he seems to take a most gloomy view of the internal situation.

—THE American trotters now being imported into England are attracting much attention among stud-masters on the other side. This new revelation in the science of horse-breeding will, it is anticipated, be likely to create a change in the attributes of English sport. The Prince of Wales is said to express the greatest interest in this new breed, and has become the purchaser of one or two of the fastest horses brought over, to one of them being able, the *Court Chronicle* says, "to cover a mile in 2 minutes 13 1/2 seconds."

—THE freight agents of the various ocean steamship lines at that port report that there is no falling off in business, but that on the contrary all the room at their disposal is fully taken up. In many instances the offerings have to be refused for want of space. The different dairy products are going abroad in quantities, and there is a noticeable increase in the movement of cheese. The fresh meat and live stock traffic keeps up on a liberal scale, and nearly all the steamers leaving for European ports have more or less of either kind on board.

—A SINGULAR recommendation is made by the Philadelphia Grand Jury. It is the re-establishment of the whipping-post. The local prisons are overcrowded with an idle, shiftless class of inmates, who persist in committing minor offenses in order to get a comfortable lodging and tolerably wholesome food without being obliged to do any work. Wherefore the Grand Jury would have them soundly whipped, and not lodged and fed at the public expense. We should be sorry to accept this recommendation as indicative of the real standard of enlightenment in that community.

—TOM DALY, Captain of the Canadian Cricket Club, who has been arrested for desertion from the British army on his arrival, with his team, in England, owes his trouble to too much matrimony. He is a wife in England when he came to America, but soon afterwards married a woman of Natchez, Miss. The English wife followed him across the ocean, and had him arrested for bigamy; but she consented, for pay, to his getting a divorce from her and marrying the Natchez wife over again. She assured him, also, that she had obtained a promise from Sir Garnet Wolseley that he could visit England without danger of punishment for desertion. This representation seems to have been false.



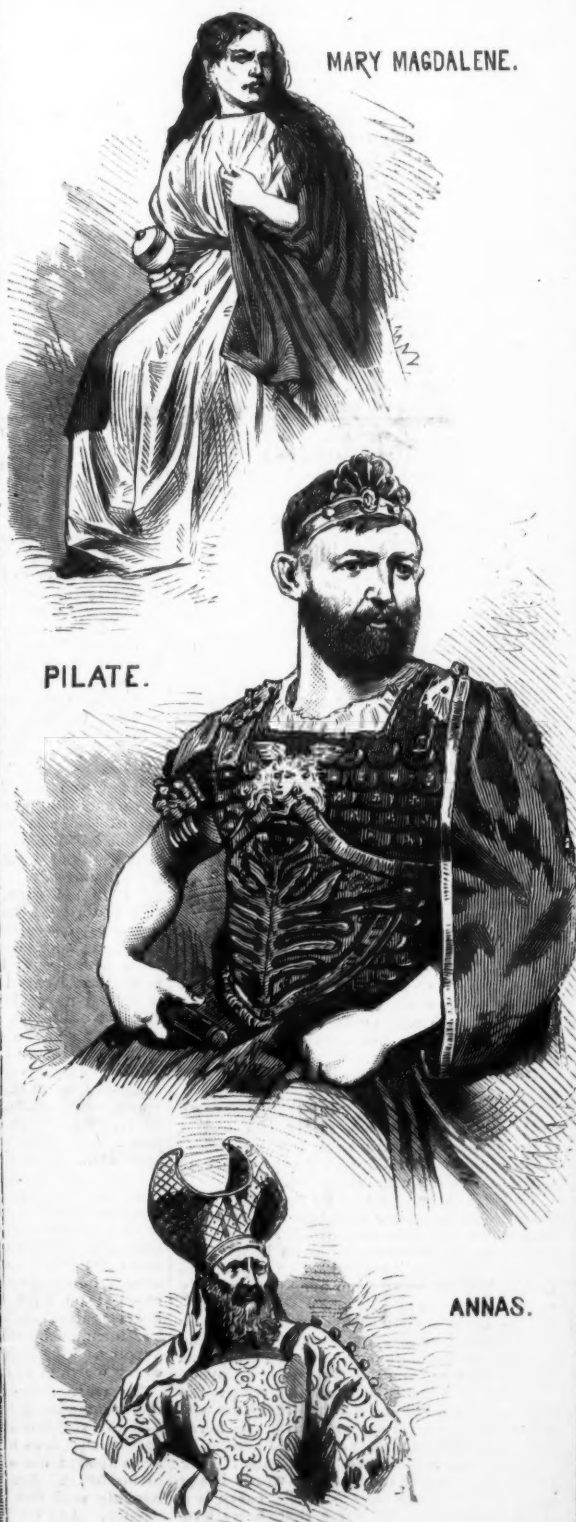
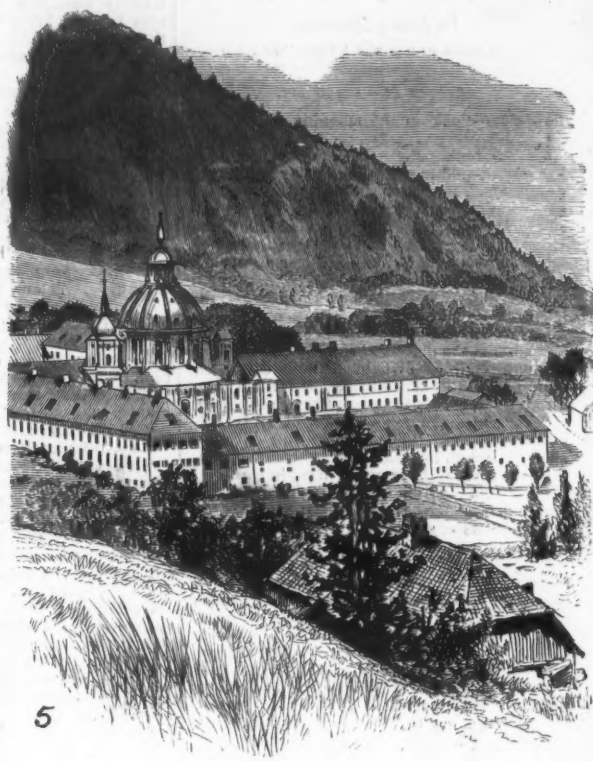
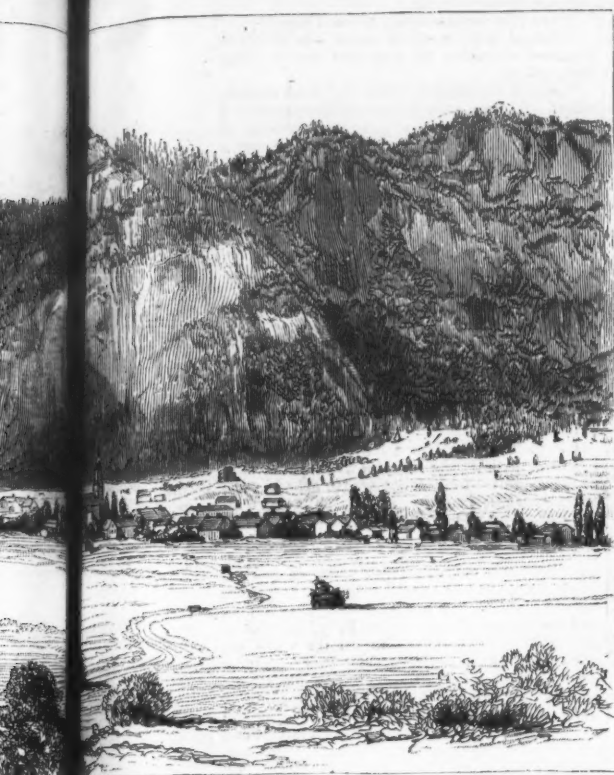
1. MEMORIAL CROSS ERECTED BY THE KING OF BAVARIA.

2. "CHRIST."

3. VIEW OF THE VILLAGE OF OBERAMPEIACH.

4. "MARY."

THE GREAT PASSION PLAY, PERFORMED EVERY TENTH YEAR AT OBERAMPEIACH, BAVARIA.



MARY MAGDALENE.

PILATE.

ANNAS.

4. "MARY."

5. THE MONASTERY AT HILTAI.

6. THE SCENE OF THE CRUCIFIXION AS REPRESENTED ON THE STAGE OF THE THEATRE.

BAVARIA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS FURNISHED BY OUR SPECIAL ART CORRESPONDENT, N. ROBINSON.—SEE PAGE 282.

THE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS.

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CHAPTER IX.—A MAD ACT.

TWO o'clock in the morning, and Gypsy, decidedly cross, waits up in her parlor for Jack. Just as her fierce impatience has culminated in a fierce resolve to lock him out, a knock sounds at the door. Having long ago dismissed the servants, she responds herself, and is confronted by Toboskie and Chetewood, who recoil in dismay at sight of her, while between them, and requiring all of their assistance to keep in a perpendicular position, is poor Jack. It is the first time that Gypsy has ever seen him in such a state of hopeless intoxication, and at first she is startled.

"What is the matter?" she says, sharply. Chetewood, overwhelmed with confusion, maintains unbroken silence; therefore upon Toboskie devolves the necessity of replying. "Your husband is not very well, Lady Ashhurst," he says. "The events of the day have been too much for him."

"Never—hic—felt better—hic—in my life," affirms that individual, with startling pronunciation. "Wasn't too much for me—hic—at all. 'Boskie, you mistake—hic. Could take three—hic—more, straight as a die."

Lady Ashhurst recoils in horror from him. Before this, Jack's man has always taken charge of him when in this condition, and by dint of exercise sobered him down, so as to present a decent appearance before his wife. But Mr. Tompkins, having unfortunately seized this evening to indulge in some sensuous peccadillo of his own, Chetewood and Toboskie, with the best intentions in the world, have fetched Jack up to his chambers, not dreaming of any possibility of being confronted by his wife.

In supreme silence, and feeling almost as guilty as their charge, they march him across the room, singing as he goes, to his bed-chamber, and place him upon the couch.

"I'll try and find his man," says Chetewood, and, glancing sympathetically at Gypsy, leaves the room.

But Jack makes an affectionate lunge for Toboskie, and utterly refuses to permit him to leave. Thus pinioned, the ambassador seats himself upon the bed, and Jack soon drops into a deep sleep. In the meantime Chetewood thrusts his head in at the parlor door wherein sits Gypsy, with the information that the faithless Tompkins is still invisible.

An hour later Toboskie emerges from the bedchamber, where Jack is sleeping the sleep of the innocent. From the distant shadows Gypsy comes forth, all the soft peach bloom faded from her cheeks, and under her eyes dark circles; but never has she looked more lovely. Her long, loose robe, opening far down at the throat, is a marvel of beauty, and shows to advantage every perfect line of her beautiful figure.

It is just such a loveliness that would appeal to a man's senses, even were he the famous Joseph. But Toboskie steadies himself as she comes forward with clasped hands and up-raised face.

"Is he sleeping?" she says, with a shudder. "Yes, madam. And it is needless to assure you that I regret exceedingly having been the means of disclosing your husband's condition to you."

Gypsy makes an angry, petulant little gesture like an irritable child.

"If Jack makes a beast of himself," she says, while her eyes flash mutinously, "why shouldn't I know it?"

Toboskie is silent, and, when finally he speaks, it is on a different subject.

"Do you join the excursionists to-morrow?" he says.

"Yes, I suppose so"—carelessly.

"Then, madam," Toboskie's tones are clear and distinct, and every word falls like ice upon her heart—"then, madam, I will make my adieus to-night."

Gypsy grows even paler and puts out one small, jeweled hand as if to ward off some blow. "Make your adieus?" she says, and her voice quivers piteously.

"Yes, madam, I start to-morrow for Liverpool, whence I shall sail in a few days for Russia. I would like to tell you how much I appreciate your own and your husband's kindness to me, coming as I did in your midst a stranger. I am very grateful and regret that I cannot bear more substantial evidence of my gratitude than mere words. But if ever you come to my country you will find me and all I possess at your command."

Gypsy has not heard a word that he says; a great, blinding pain has seized her, and in mute agony her azure eyes look up at him with a gleam in their soft depths like unto some dumb thing wounded to the heart.

There is in her nature no strength or endurance to brace her up under suffering and temptation. In this moment her pride and womanly dignity—her husband's honor—are furthest from her thoughts. She only knows that he is going away from her—this princely man with a front like ice and passions of fire—this man whom she has grown to love in the short days of their acquaintance with all the strength of her nature, which, in reality, has but one strength, and that the power of loving.

Never in her life has she exercised the slightest control or self-denial. Therefore, she is the less prepared to battle with this fierce pain and passion that have assailed her.

"And you will never come back?" her pallid lips scarcely move as the words break from her. "Never come back?" There is a rising inflection in her voice that shows how intense is the excitement under which she labors.

"Possibly, madam, unless my country may again see fit to send me a representative

to your sovereign," he speaks with studied coldness, for he sees her emotion, and is bitterly conscious that her ravishing loveliness is again firing in his veins a weak emotional sentiment for which he despises himself. "But what makes you go so soon?" she mutters.

"It is rather earlier than I expected, but circumstances have changed. I must see my friend who is condemned to exile. I may yet be able to serve him in some way, and if I do not hasten it will be too late."

She takes a step nearer him; the sweetest, dearest selfishness ever witnessed in mortal being sits in her face with its dazzling loveliness.

"Do not mind for him," she says, and her old graceful tyranny stamps her manner. "He is a man, strong and powerful; he is already condemned, therefore, what can you do? You, yourself said you 'had done all that was possible.' Then why should you hasten? I am a woman, and I bid you stay!" It is the most adorable sophistry man ever listened to, still Toboskie makes a desperate effort to keep his senses.

"You honor me, madam," he says, icily, "but it is impossible!"

"It is not impossible if you have the inclination to remain. Stay but one week—only seven little days!" she pleads, and draws still nearer him. Her eyes burn with a passionate light; her full, rich lips are parted; through the loose robe, intended to be donned only in her chamber, he sees her white breast heaving like an unquiet sea.

He feels a fierce, mighty gust of passion sweep over him, showing how dangerous this will be when combined with love. Still he struggles with his weakness.

"I will bid you good-night," he says, still sensible enough to know that his only safety lies in flight.

But before he can execute his intentions, there is a flutter of dainty garments, and in the next moment Gypsy has thrown herself upon his breast, and her bare arms are wound around the brown column of his haughty throat.

For an instant he is sobered and positively appalled. The silence around is oppressive. In the next chamber lies the man whose wife he holds—that man, whose hand he has taken in friendship and at whose table he has broken bread. Never, through all the excesses of a necessarily worldly career, has he sullied his honor. Against that, hitherto, his bitterest enemy could breathe no word of reproach. Now, the shame of his position smites him with a sudden horror, and he vainly essays to unclasp those clinging arms, while every touch of the soft, warm flesh but deepens the passion that runs rife in his being.

"Madam—" The woman, literally mad, buries her face upon his shoulder.

"I will not listen!" she cries. "I will not hear you while that ice is in your tones!"

"But for heaven's sake, consider! Madam, that—"

"Ah! madam—madam!" moans poor Gypsy, bitterly. "Do I not tell you I will not have you call me by that? Is it possible that you have no feeling for me?"

"Quite possible," he says, desperately. "Madam—Gypsy, if you will—for heaven's sake compose yourself! Consider; I am your husband's friend—this is dishonor! This—"

"Honor!" cries Gypsy, "it is a bauble; it is no honor I want, it is happiness! I will not allow a myth to wreck my life, and I cannot be happy away from you!"

"You are mad, Lady Ashhurst; you do not know what you are saying! You honor me, but for heaven's sake do not detain me!"

"I will detain you—I will not let you go!"

"But consider for one moment; if you should be seen thus, your good name would be ruined for ever!"

"I do not care!"

"But you should care for your husband's sake, and also your own. Think of your reputation. Not a lady in your order has a more unblemished character than you. I am amazed that a lady of your standing will give way to such madness."

"I do not care," again reiterates Gypsy. "In the past I have been all that is right because I have had no temptation," and she speaks an ungarbled truth. "It has always been amusement; I never cared for any man more than I cared for Jack. Now it is different. I never loved before—really loved—and I would risk anything rather than be separated. Is it a sin? I do not think it a sin to love. This may be wrong in the sight of the English whose veins are ice; but I am not English, I am of the South. I was born under warm suns, where love was an honor and a pride. My nature has never troubled me before; now it cries out against our being separated. If you must go to your own country take me with you." The words break from her rapidly, and all the soft rich color has flown back to her face; her eyes, lustrous with a maddening passion, look straight in his own with a piteous prayer; her ripe, red lips are parted and over them comes her warm breath in soft gusts, which smite his swarthy cheeks; he feels the rapid beating of her heart against his own; and the quivering of her form as she offers her great love into his keeping. Her ardent Creole nature speaks in every word, in every glance and gesture.

He were more than mortal to withstand this woman in such a moment.

With a reckless abandonment to the delirious passion that fires his every vein, he wraps his arms around her slight form and crushes her to his heart. Again she holds his strong and haughty soul fast bound in the manacles of passion. And while he holds her to his heart with fierce strength, she throws far back her head and looks him in the face. She sees that his eyes burn with a lurid glow, and that his breath breaks from him in labored gasps.

Over her countenance flashes the sweetest light that ever shone in mortal face, and her eyes burn with the triumph of love. With a low, glad cry she lays her cheek back against his breast, and with a mighty impulse he bends his regal head, and his lips, dry and scorching, meet hers in a burning kiss. The first and the last that ever comes between them.

"Ah, you do love me!" she whispers.

Her voice breaks the spell that binds him in the thrall of her beauty. With all his force he flings her from him and she reels and falls upon a divan. With eyes flashing with something akin to positive hatred, he glowers at the soft dazzling loveliness that has betrayed him. He has sold his honor for a woman's kiss. And in that moment an utter loathing of her fastens upon him, equalled only by his bitter hatred of himself.

"No," he says, and his voice is clear and sharp. "I do not love you, Lady Ashhurst. For a moment, be it said to my eternal shame, you held me fast in the chains of a passion which is not love. To an honest man's soul there is something deeper and grander than mere sensuous animal life. The higher and baser instincts of a man's nature may be in direct variance, and a sensuous emotion may briefly fasten upon him in which his nobler instincts may have no sympathy. And, again I say, madam, such an emotion is not love. After what has passed to-night it will be better if we never meet again. Once more I bid you adieu!"

Despite his brave words, something in the stricken, white face of Gypsy holds him motionless. She lays like a beautiful statue upon the silken couch, her gaze fastened upon him and her small hands locked tightly in her lap.

Then into the beautiful eyes fastened upon him Toboskie sees a shrinking pain and terror gather. There is such a marked change in their expression that he is amazed. Not a particle of the sensual fire remains, and, though still fastened upon him, they seem to be looking far beyond—into another world. Then, apparently without any volition of her own, her head turns slowly, steadily towards the door. He is himself aware of some new and powerful element introduced, and, following the direction of Gypsy's glance, he sees Valentine standing in the doorway, her eyes, filled with magnetism, fixed upon Lady Ashhurst.

With a haughty bow he turns and leaves the room, knowing that no word that he can say will lessen the shame of their position, which Valentine reads at a glance.

CHAPTER X.—A FRIENDLY PARTING.

TOBOSKIE has made his adieus to all of his friends; still he hangs aimlessly around the doors and open windows. He has assured Jack, who is to accompany him to London, that he is not in the slightest hurry—that if they miss one train they can, without difficulty, take another. In consequence of which, Jack, with not the slightest trace of the dissipation of the previous night, loiters over his breakfast, having risen late, probably owing to his recent debaucheries. Still, an idly-eaten breakfast cannot last all the morning, and to Toboskie's dissatisfaction, he sees that Jack's will soon draw to an end.

Be it said to his eternal shame, the Russian ambassador has wasted this morning which he had intended to devote to travel—wasted it ignominiously for a child! With a half-angry, disappointed gleam in his eyes, he turns, and, in gloomy contemplation, looks away to the Channel. Suddenly across his cold face breaks an expression of doubt and joy commingled; then, thrusting his head in at the dining-room window, he tells Jack that he will be back in a moment, and starts across the sands at a breakneck speed. In a few moments he comes up to Maize, who stands alone upon the beach, her impressionable maid having given over her heart into the keeping of a tall and melancholy footman, with whom she is now in sweet converse a short distance off.

Maize is not aware of his approach until he stands before her, then she looks up with a start.

"Does Gypsy want me?" she says, and starts towards the hotel. But he puts out his hand and detains her, and, for the first time, she fails to resent his friendly overture. There is an expression in his eyes—a mighty will—that masters even her indomitable spirit.

"No," he says. "Gypsy does not want you, that I know. I have not seen her this morning. Still I have had the courage to seek you, even after my experience with your temper."

He speaks slowly, banteringly, and looks down in her eyes, which surely hold a shadow of graciousness. And as the past sweeps back to her, around her mouth quiver certain lines which one is sure are the forerunners of laughter. He looks at her silently, and somehow a feeling of rest steals over him. After the madness and shame and duplicity of the night before, it is an inestimable blessing to stand surrounded by the purity of a child. Finally he again speaks.

"I am going away," he says, slowly.

"Yes, Gypsy is, too," replies Maize, placidly. "That is," bethinking herself, "if she is able."

"If she is able?" he says, questioningly.

"She was not well this morning."

Toboskie is guiltily silent.

"Where is Lady Ashhurst going?" he inquires, after a pause.

Maize looks up in surprise.

"On the excursion," she says.

Then Toboskie is suddenly struck with their position. Even though he has come to say good-by, her reception, which shows such a marked cessation of hostilities on her part, has roused in him a sense of elation equal to a boy's. He regards her in comical anxiety.

"Are you quite well?" he says, seriously, but with a wicked gleam in his magnificent eyes.

"Eh?" says Maize, slightly bewildered by this sudden solicitude.

"Are you sure that you are not sick?"

"Yes, I am!" a trifle cross. It is not a pleasant sensation to feel that one is being laughed at.

"Ah! I am glad to hear it," with evident relief. "I was afraid this sudden civility of yours might indicate approaching illness or even dissolution. If you will consider for a moment—I think you have actually spoken a dozen civil words to me."

Maize draws herself erect and looks severely dignified, though seized with a violent and disgraceful desire to laugh; disgraceful, considering her sworn hostility to this man.

"You said you were going away," she suggests, freely.

A cloud passes over the dark, delicate face of the ambassador.

"I had actually forgotten," he says, with a forced smile. "Yes, I am going away for good, and I came to see if you would bid me 'God speed.'"

"Are you going to Russia?" she inquires, calmly.

He curses himself for a fool; still a wave of inestimable disappointment sweeps over him at her manifest indifference. He asks himself what more he would have of a child; yet all the same he is mortally wounded.

"Yes," he says, quietly, while he looks steadily, almost yearningly, downwards in her glorious eyes. "Yes; I am going to Russia. I suppose I shall never come back to England; or, if I do, it will be many, many years hence, and then you will be a young lady," he speaks slowly to occupy time, and all the while his dark eyes, at times partially fierce, study every line of the small, Greek face. She stands as when he first saw her, her small feet buried deep in the sand, and back of her glinting the smooth waters of the channel. The full flood of the morning sun streams in her countenance, but all the damaging and inquisitive light cannot reveal the slightest blemish. It is dazzlingly perfect, and in the glimmer of her golden hair that shines like the sun looks unearthly beautiful. Yet it is a face that bears misfortune in its loveliness.

He can never disabuse his mind of the impression that for her the future holds its mystery and its pain. There is a spirit in her eyes that must be drawn forth through martyrdom—a pure and priceless metal to be purged through fire. He knows that there is a royal heroism in her nature, though it now may be slumbering—that she could gird her soul with a lofty endurance though assailed by injustice and calumny, or made to suffer the torments of the rack. And he knows, too, that such strength will not go untried.

Yet he never dreams that through him shall fall the sword that shall cleave her haughty womanhood—that through him shall be swept upon her the direst wrong that ever mortal man did woman!

Not a shadow of the miserable future comes between them, as they stand there upon the beach, gazing steadfastly into one another's eyes. Suddenly his mind reverts to their first meeting upon the sands.

"Will you tell me," he says, abruptly, "what was the matter between you and the woman that first day? and will you tell me why it is that you have always hated me?"

Again, and for the last time in many years, he sees that proud uplifting of the golden head—that same head that he shall some day look upon in the gloom and shadows of the dungeon, whither he has sent her—and her face flushes, while in her eyes gather that old, defiant light.

"Yes; I will tell you, since you are going away," she says, proudly. "Celeste was angry because I played with some tradesmen's children; but they were very nice children, and I gave them some money as I did not think they had much for themselves and I had more than I wanted. Celeste treated them very impudently, and it made me very angry. She wanted to compel me to go home and I would not go. That was all!"

Looking down in her proud eyes that are calm and steady as a saint's, he knows that she has spoken truly, and an utter shame sweeps over him as he remembers how mercilessly and unjustly he judged her. And, now, too late, he has found his error. It is a trifling thing, but it pains him strangely. In his haughty supremacy, in his world-wide distinction he has grown to believe himself omnipotent, his judgment infallible, and yet in that trifling thing has he erred.

"Why did you not tell me this before?" he says, lowly.

She lifts her calm and haughty eyes to his disquieted face.

"Why should I have told you? You were nothing to me!"

He is staggered.

"Besides," she continues, "you doubted me from the first; you took sides with Celeste. After that I would not trouble you with an explanation. If you believed her lies it was all well. But that is the reason why I hated you, and why I would not be friends with you. You doubted me, and I was innocent; and I never will be friends with one who does not trust me."

Important words from a child of tender years, no doubt. Yet they come very naturally from her, and it never occurs to him that there is anything in their conversation bordering on the ludicrous. Never in all the years of his haughty and perfect manhood has he felt so near the level of the general standard as now. With a strange humility he, the Russian courtier, reaches out his hand to the small form planted like a rock before him, and his voice is low and humble, for it is the spirit always that he sees, and not its form.

"Will you forgive me?"

She looks up in his dark face and sees in it shame and pain and humility; then, without a word, she lays her hand in his. In these

few last moments peace has come between them—peace, when it is too late. Yet through all the future he knows he shall carry with him her picture as she stands now upon the beach.

CHAPTER XL.—IN WHICH WE ARE IN RUSSIA.

THE sun, low in the west, streams upon the gilded roofs of St. Petersburg, where the palaces of the noble tower in palatial contrast to the hovels of the serf, and where reigns the bitterest tyranny, under the guise of royalty, that ever existed on the face of the earth.

From the arched and deep-set doorway of the group of massive buildings in whose sacred depths are projected the mysteries and intrigues of the Russian Government—where the wily statesmen of the Emperor mingle in deep and secret conclave, holding the helpless populace in the palms of their hands, that have known no touch of labor, no defilement of toil—step two men; and the rays of the setting sun stream fair in their dark and high-bred faces, as they pause for a moment in deep converse under the shadow of the projecting doorway, before descending the long flight of stone steps leading to the street.

One we will instantly recognize as Count Raoul Toboskie, despite the fact that ten years have intervened since last he was presented to the reader upon Brighton Beach. Time has been lenient with him, and so far from deteriorating his personal appearance, has increased his attractiveness. As he stands wrapped to the chin in his heavy furs, one could pronounce him a royal-looking man, without being accused of exaggeration. His face, dark and swarthy as a Moor's, is cold and haughty, and holds deep lines of a powerful will. His eyes are even keener than of old, and scintillate with a steely light. It is a countenance far removed from all semblance of earthly weakness—strong, proud, dominant. And as in person he has improved, so has he ascended the ladder of fame and distinction, until at forty he is the confidential friend and adviser of his sovereign, and the most powerful statesman of his country.

By his side stands his friend, Count Nicholas Lagors, who once held a commission in the body-guard of his sovereign. The count is tall and slender, with something of the subtle grace of his youth still clinging to his slight figure. He is a man fifty years of age, with a thin, dark face, bearing deep lines of passion, and eyes that burn with a repressed but never-dying fire.

His appearance is indicative of extreme melancholy, which, however, may not reach further than the skin, and to which is added a gloomy discontent and cynicism. His fiery eyes are ever restless, and it would seem impossible that a smile had ever broken up the moody severity of his dark countenance.

Yet, despite all this, and a shadowy reputation in younger days, Count Nicholas, like his present companion, is, and always has been, one of the most popular and courted nobles in the Russian capital. Count Lagors is also fabulously wealthy, being the possessor of three hundred thousand heads of cattle, an hundred thousand acres of corn-land, and as much wheat, besides innumerable well-trained serfs.

The two nobles descend the steps, at whose foot are crouched a few miserable, down-trodden members of the people, who, exorted by years of injury and oppression, have dragged themselves hither to present their humble petitions, and sue for rescue from their tyrannical masters—their only opportunity being in intercepting the statesmen as they leave the palace.

As Toboskie and Lagors reach the pavement they cluster around them, and, falling upon their knees, petition their assistance.

Lagors looks angry and disgusted. Toboskie, too, is somewhat annoyed, though a certain rough pity shines briefly in his eyes.

"My friends," he says, resolutely, "I can do nothing for you."

A howl like that of a pack of hunted, starved wolves, breaks from the poor, abject, friendless creatures. And one, bolder than the rest, whose hollow cheeks and burning eyes tell their own story, clutches the furs of Toboskie and half raises himself, where he kneels upon the ice-bound stones.

"My lord," he says—and his tones hold a shrill wail—"my lord, help! help! They say you are good and merciful, and have power with the Czar; in the name of mercy, beseech him to give me aid. I will be your lowest servant; I will slave for you night and day. But in the name of the holy Mother! take me from the man who is starving us to death, and living on our heart's blood."

Toboskie's pity and annoyance increase; he pushes the miserable wretch aside with his foot; but the action is destitute of the slightest roughness.

"I have told you that I can do nothing for you," he says, sternly.

Still the trembling, bony hands retain their desperate clutch upon the priceless furs of the noble, and the great, hollow eyes stare up with a piteous prayer.

"Help!" he cries in a hoarse voice; "oh, help, for the love of God! My wife and little ones are down with a fever; they have come to this through labor and starvation. Yet the lord will give me no rest, no food, no medicine. Buy me from him; set us free."

"It is the estate into which you have been born. I cannot aid you," replies Toboskie. And as he speaks he takes from his pocket a handful of coins and scatters it among them, which they pounce upon like vultures, and the peers make their way on.

"Poor devils!" says Toboskie, with a shudder. It is the only comment upon the painful scene just past.

"Are you going out this evening?" asks Lagors, after a brief silence.

"Yes," is the brief reply.

"Is the engagement imperative?"

"It is, unfortunately. The day has been unusually busy, and I confess I am not in the mood for visiting; but an hour hence must see me at Lord Ashhurst's."

"Your English friends?" inquires Lagors, with polite interest.

"Yes. By-the-way, you must know them. Lord Jack is one of the finest fellows that ever lived, if adversity has not soured his disposition."

The count gives a yawn.

"Men?" he says, with a shrug. "My friend. I do not care much for men."

"Of that I am aware," replies Toboskie, with a smile, "and, as an inducement, I have two of the most beautiful women in the world to offer; provided—"

"Always a proviso!" interrupts Lagors, who nevertheless is brightening.

"Provided Jack Ashhurst's wife is as lovely as once she was, and the child has developed all the rare promises of womanhood. Will you go with me this evening?"

"With greatest pleasure," promptly replies Lagors, who, despite his moroseness and melancholy, is noted for his fondness for women.

"And now, since you promise me two lovely women, who are these people?"

"These 'people,'" says Toboskie, quietly, "are members of the English aristocracy. Jack Ashhurst owns one of the proudest, and, once, the richest peerdoms in England. But since I first met him he has been terribly unfortunate. In the first place, he has no idea of proper management, and, I suppose, has been reckless and extravagant. In the second, he has had an uncontrollable fondness for drink, in which, I am happy to hear, he is reforming. In the third, his money losses made him wild and reckless, and he made no effort at retrenchment, which, of course, but added to his misfortune. From his immense fortune he has still a considerable remainder; but to him, with his extravagant habits, it is but a drop, though it insures them from want, it being tied up so that he can spend nothing but the income, which is sufficient to maintain them in a quiet, and to some extent, luxurious manner. But this sort of thing will not suit Jack. So they, having tired of England, have come to Russia to claim an estate bequeathed them by some of their family, which, added to the remainder of their former fortune, will restore Jack's checkbook to its pristine power."

"And his wife is a beauty, eh?" observes Lagors, with his palpable weakness.

"Ten years ago she was considered the most beautiful woman in England."

Lagors looks up in obvious alarm.

"Ten years," he says. "Why, man, ten years is an eternity for a woman. If madame la peeress—"

"According to my reckoning," interrupts Toboskie, "Lady Ashhurst is just thirty years old."

The count appears relieved.

"I was afraid she was old. Thirty years! Why, she must have been a bride when you first met her?"

"To the contrary, she had been married five years."

"And the daughter?"

"Must be to-day one of the most magnificent women in Russia."

"I must see these English beauties. At what hour do you go?"

"An hour hence, or, if that does not give you time for your toilet, say an hour and a half sharp. I will call around at your place and pick you up, and we will go together."

(To be continued.)

THE CHURCH OF THE BRETHREN.

CONFERENCE OF THE GERMAN TUNKERS AT LANARK, ILL.

THE German Baptist Association, known in ecclesiastical history as the Tunkers, from *tunken*, "to dip," and colloquially as the Church of the Brethren, originated in 1708. Driven by the hand of religious persecution from their homes in the Palatinate, other parts of Germany and from Switzerland, they found a brief resting-place in Holland and Friesland, and finally, about 1719, emigrated to these shores in the hope of practicing religion according to their own peculiar tenets. They were a mere handful then, and came here in scattered groups. The doctrine of Seventh-day worship did not obtain among them until many years later, when the pioneer, Conrad Beissel, effected the change. For years he lived a recluse, inhabiting a cave on the banks of the Cocalico. His leadership was soon acknowledged, and one by one the members of the faithful flocked to his standard. They at first settled at Ephrata, Pa., where they founded a temple or seal for public worship. Almost a century and a half has passed over its peaked gables, but it still stands a marvel of quaintness, ingenuity, and strength. It occupies a bit of picturesque ground on the banks of the Cocalico, surrounded by a hundred acres of fertile land, from the cultivation of which nearly all the necessities of life were obtained. To it is attached a large four-storied structure, known as the Sister House, which, as its name implies, was devoted to the exclusive use of the females.

By 1729, it is believed the entire church had been transferred to the United States. At the present day they are found in large numbers in Maryland, Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and are supposed to aggregate 100,000 souls. The principal features of their discipline are: Baptism, by trine immersion, administered only to believers; Feet-washing, and Lord's Supper, and the "Communion," celebrated in the evening. The kiss of charity is given. There is also the laying on of hands and the anointing of sick with oil, when desired. Ministers are chosen from the deacons and laity. No special training is prescribed, and no fixed salaries are paid; but the ministers are supported and the poor provided for. The annual conference of the church at Lanark, Ill., called to consider questions relative to doctrine and church government, was opened June 1st.

About 6,000 members were present from various parts of the United States, besides 600 ministers; but as the principle of equality in doctrine and privileges is adhered to, Lay members participated as freely in the discussions as ministers.

A standing committee consisting of twenty-seven members prepare the work of conference; and questions are decided by a majority of members present. Among the most prominent questions before the meeting were those of granting divorce, church support, and missionary work. A board of

foreign and domestic missions was created, and the members of the church requested to contribute to the support of the work of Evangelism. They have at present a mission in Denmark and a church of about forty members.

The denomination is composed for the most part of well-to-do farmers, who spend but little money judiciously.

They build plain but substantial churches, and pay no salary to ministers. If what they save in costly buildings and salaries were invested in missionary work they would, no doubt, become a positive power in the broad field of religious labor. The members are tenacious of their church principles and adhere to them as firmly as the Catholics.

This gives strength and unity. It is probable that from Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, west, between parallels 36 and 44, no religious denomination is gaining so much strength.

The tabernacle in which the conference was held was 100 feet in diameter, and had a seating capacity of 2,500. The dining-hall was 62 by 150 feet, and afforded room for 1,000 guests. Seventy waters were in attendance, and so perfect was the system that in less than two minutes the tables were filled. Thirteen thousand pounds of beef, 1,000 pounds of bread, 4,000 gallons of coffee, and 400 gallons of tea were consumed; besides, butter, milk, etc.

It is estimated that 13,000 people were in attendance on the second day. The meeting closed the 4th inst., being regarded as one of the most successful conferences ever held by this people.

Perfect quiet and order prevailed. The Tunkers are generally known as an honest, industrious and harmless people, and though often unjustly regarded as ignorant and superstitious, seldom fail to win the praise of the civil authorities and the respect of those who know them best.

Until within a recent date not much progress was made by them as a church in educational matters. Their children being educated in other schools, turned much promising talent into other channels. They have recognized lately the importance of educational work, and now have three established colleges.

They have seven weekly and four monthly papers. Several religious works of considerable merit have been written by members, and the dissemination of tracts is becoming a work of recognized importance.

Our illustrations will give the reader, who may never have come into contact with the quaint communities of these people, a clear idea of their quiet, unassuming manners, even when engaged in the greatest of their church works—the mutual conference.

THE FATAL COLLISION ON THE SOUND.

ON Saturday morning, June 12th, New York City was startled by the report that a collision had occurred between the Sound steamers *Stonington* and *Narragansett* the night previous, that the latter vessel had either sunk or been burned to the water's edge, and that a large number of lives had been lost. Later in the day the details of the disaster were received.

It appears that at about half-past eleven o'clock on Friday night the steamer *Stonington*, on her way to New York, sighted the *Narragansett*, of the *Stonington* line, close upon her starboard bow. In spite of all endeavors to prevent a collision, the stem of the *Stonington* completely crushed in the port side of the *Narragansett*, carrying away the wheelhouse, breaking the boiler and upsetting the furnace, thereby setting fire to the boat. The recoil caused the *Stonington* to fall back several hundred feet.

In the meantime the headway of the *Narragansett* carried her about a quarter of a mile from the *Stonington*, by which time she was enveloped in a complete mass of flame. As soon as possible under the circumstances the boats of the *Stonington* were lowered and sent to the rescue. Meanwhile the steamer *City of New York*, of the *Norwich* line, bound for New York, came up and sent six boats to the burning vessel.

In an incredibly short space of time the *Narragansett* was burned to the water's edge. Owing to a lack of proper organization of the forces of the *Stonington*, much confusion existed, and an unreasonable time elapsed before the boats were lowered.

Owing to the dense fog scarcely anything could be seen except the burning wreck. The cries and shrieks of the frightened passengers could be heard for a great distance. All the water surrounding the *Stonington* appeared to be black with drowning persons.

Upwards of 200 people are known to have been rescued. The purser of the *Narragansett* stated there were not more than 300 passengers on his boat, and that the loss cannot exceed fifty, as it is known that more than 200 were brought to New York in the steamer *City of New York* on Saturday morning, and large numbers were taken back to *Stonington* on the steamer *Stonington*. A great many women and children were aboard the *Narragansett*, and all might have been saved had not that vessel taken fire and sunk.

The *City of Boston*, of the *Norwich* line, took a portion of the surviving passengers of the *Narragansett* aboard on its up-trip, and the *City of New York*, of the same line, brought to her pier, No. 40 North River, over one hundred others. When she came under decks and cabins were filled with men, women and children, who had been taken from the ill-fated steamer, or picked up from the water. The interior of the steamer had the appearance of a hospital, and as the rescued began leaving the steamer, the dock was quickly crowded with people, who shouted eager inquiries after relatives and friends believed to have been on board the *Narragansett*. It will be some days before the exact number of lives lost can be ascertained.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Dutch ship *Willem Barends* is being equipped for a third North Polar Expedition.

An Observer of Venus notes an increased activity in the crater at the time of each full moon.

The Oldest Librarian of the Royal Library at Berlin, Dr. Buschmann, died recently at the advanced age of seventy-five years.

In Prussia one person to every 450 is insane. A Berlin scientist attributes this large proportion to intemperance and educational cramming.

The Municipal Corporation of Berlin has permitted the construction of the Siemens Electrical Elevated Railway, between Wedding Place and Belle-Alliance Place.

An Analysis has been made of the soil of a cemetery in which no interment has been made for thirty years, and the products of animal decomposition are found to be still present.

The Researches of Dr. Bollinger shows that the milk of cows suffering from tubercular disease may communicate the infection to human beings. As five per cent. of cows advanced in life suffer from this disease, the doctor believes the danger to be considerable. Boiling the milk is not a safeguard.

At a Recent Meeting of the Court of Common Council, at which the Lord Mayor presided, it was resolved that the freedom of the City of London, in a suitable gold casket, be presented to Sir Henry Bessemer, F. R. S., M. I. C. E., in recognition of his valuable discoveries, which have so largely benefited the iron industries of the country, and of his scientific attainments, which are well-known and appreciated throughout the world.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

M. CHALLONER-LACOUR has accepted the post of French Ambassador to London.

WILLIAM M. SPRINGER has been renominated for Congress by acclamation by the Democratic Congressional Convention of the Twelfth Illinois District.

MR. THOMAS MAGUIRE, LL.D., was a fortnight ago elected a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. Mr. Maguire is the first Roman Catholic Fellow of the college.

NOTICE will be given in the House of Commons shortly of a motion condemnatory of the proposed monument in Westminster Abbey to the late Prince Imperial, Eugène Louis Napoleon.

E. E. ELAM, editor of the *Richmond Whig*, was shot in a duel with Colonel Thomas Smith near Richmond, Va., on June 6th. The duel grew out of certain political allusions in the columns of the *Whig*.

PORTUGAL honors literature as highly as France or the United States. Senhor Queiroz, a leading writer in the *Lisbon Farpas*, and a novelist of ability, has just been appointed Portuguese Consul at Bristol in England.

THE motion for the recall of Sir Bartle Frere from the Governorship of the Cape of Good Hope will not be proceeded with in the House of Commons, but his case will be discussed when the vote for his salary comes up.

MR. T. H. BROSNAN, for several years manager of the United States Life Insurance Company of this city, has been elected its president in place of Mr. James Buel, resigned on account of ill health. Mr. Brosnan's election was by the unanimous vote of the directors.

It has been decided to appoint Mr. M. V. Davis Superintendent of the United States Mint at New Orleans, vice Foote, deceased. Mr. Davis is the present coiner of the New Orleans Mint, and has been connected with the different minting establishments of the Government for a number of years.

MR. RANDOLPH ROGERS, the American sculptor, has attained the high honor of being made a professor in the Accademia di San Luca, the *Beaux-Arts* of Rome, and his portrait, vigorously painted by Vannucci, has been added to the long array of celebrated members placed around the walls of this famous academy.

THE Earl of Kimberley, Colonial Secretary, has sent instructions to Sir Pomeroy Colley, the new High Commissioner in South Africa, to avoid extending the British jurisdiction in South Africa, on the plea of complications between the colonists and the native tribes, and to abstain from interference with independent tribes.

THE Methodist Bishops will have their residence as follows: Scott, at Odessa, Del.; Simpson, at Philadelphia; Wiley, at Cincinnati; Harris, at New York; Foster, at Boston; Peck, at Syracuse; Bowman, at St. Louis; Merrill, at Chicago; Andrews, at Washington City; Warren, at Atlanta; Harts, at Des Moines; Foss, at St. Paul, and Haven, at San Francisco.

AMONG recent deaths were those of Cyprien M. Tesse du Molay, a well known French chemist and inventor, residing in New York City, on June 6th; Karl Friedrich Lessing, the German painter, aged 73; John Brougham, the favorite actor and playwright, in New York, on June 7th, aged 72; General Frederick Vlnar, commanding the Second Brigade, N. G. S. N. Y., in New York City, June 7th, aged 52; the Rt. Hon. Sir Stephen Cave, Bart., M. P., June 7th, aged 60; Lucius Osgood, author of a series of school reading-books, at Newcastle, Pa., June 7th, aged 57.

MR. EUGENE SCHUYLER, of New York, who has been appointed the first representative of the United States to the now independent principality of Roumania, has been in the consular service since 1865, having held the positions successively of Consul at Moscow, Consul at Revel, Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg, Secretary of Legation and Consul-General at Constantinople, Consul at Birmingham, England, and Consul General at Rome, from which post he now goes to Bucharest, "The City of Pleasure." Mr. Schuyler is married to a sister of Mrs. Waddington, the American wife of the late French Foreign Minister.

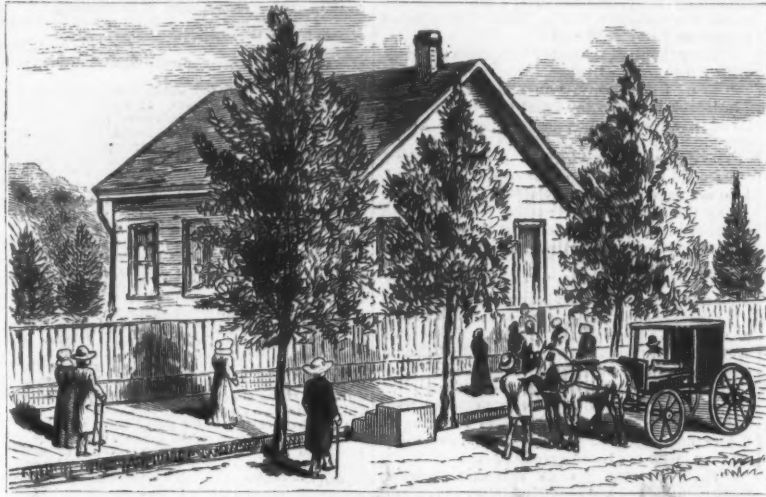
A CHICAGO correspondent thus describes Senator Conkling's studied entrance into the hall of the National Convention at the daily sessions: "Still later—very much later—Conkling made his awfully pite entrance, alone and unprotected for the space of twenty feet or more, where behind him followed a stanch and valiant guard. Mr. Conkling's gait, as pretty much everybody around New York knows, is suggestive of light boots and bunions. When he advances up the aisle at the rate of about four steps a minute, with a fine rolling tread, accompanied by a shifting of the shoulders and swinging of the body, the galleries become very much elated, and the show of dignity and graciousness with which he favors them fully repays them, evidently, in amusement for the labor that their demonstrations cost."

PRINCESS MARIE of Hanover, youngest sister of Princess Frederica, intends, it is rumored, to follow her sister's example, and be married to a commoner; the fortunate man is Lieutenant-Colonel Vogeler, Herr Vogeler, like Baron Hammingen, was a friend and companion of the late King, the princesses' father. Princess Marie is said to have been secretly attached for some years to this gentleman, who did not hope to aspire to her hand until the example of Frederica, her elder sister, emboldened the two publicly to announce their engagement. The Duke of Cumberland, who, as chief of the House of Hanover, vainly protested against the *mismatch* of his elder sister, will be still more infuriated at the proposed union of Princess Marie with an untitled officer. The duke, who is now staying in Italy, has become so embittered by his continuous ill-fortune that intercourse with him is anything but agreeable. His wife has left him and returned with her infant to her parents at Copenhagen. People assert that the duchess will not return to her husband for some time.

THE Marquis Tseng, Chinese Minister to England, has started a drag, which he drives at afternoon to the amazement and admiration of the outside barbarian. Tseng is scarcely the Chinaman of the tea chest or the romance of travel. He speaks five European languages, plays the piano like Halls, would hold his own at billiards with the best amateur, has contributed an article on Confucius to a London magazine, and takes to Western liquors as one to the manner born. Madame sits beside him. The Chinese coaching custom being blue and yellow satin in the principal articles of dress, with stuff of all the other shades in the accessories, it is a highly picturesque turnout. The Marquis is entertaining splendidly at the Chinese Legation at Portland Place, London. Three-fourths of the dining-out section of the London high world have already had a chance at his magnificent mahogany. His pay as ambassador is only \$20,000 a year, but he has one of the largest incomes in the middle kingdom, his annual revenue being \$500,000. The famous birds' nests are invariably served at his table, and by so skillful a chef that they promise to become as fashionable a delicacy in London as they are in Paris, where another Celestial holds even more glittering state than his colleague in London. The Marchioness Tseng is a very beautiful woman for a Chinese, and looks quite fascinating in the gala costume of a grand lady of Peking.



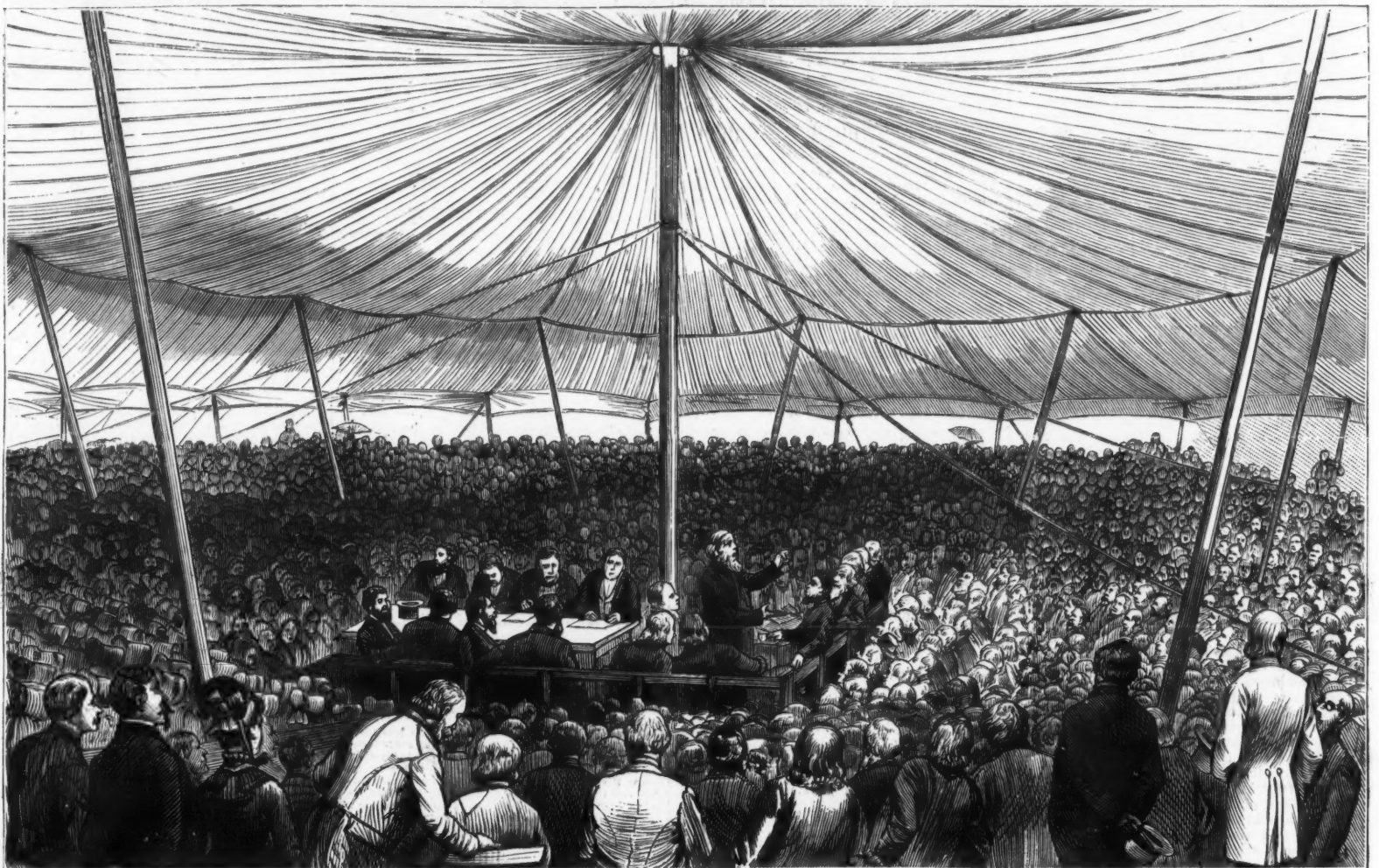
A TUNKER SISTER.



THE CHURCH.



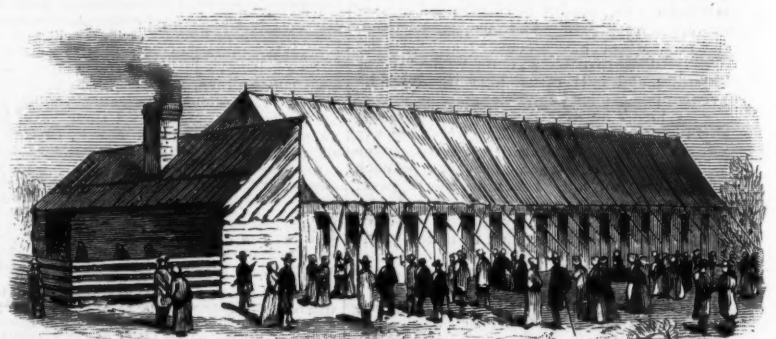
A TUNKER BROTHER.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE GREAT TENT DURING THE DISCUSSION OF CHURCH GOVERNMENT.



PREACHING IN THE ORCHARD.



THE BOARDING-TENT.



THE DINING-HALL.

ILLINOIS.—CONFERENCE OF THE GERMAN BAPTIST TUNKERS, AT LANARK, JUNE 1ST TO 4TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY D. EMMERT.—SEE PAGE 387.

THE MARQUIS OF TSENG, CHINESE AMBASSADOR TO PARIS AND LONDON.

It is no trifling matter to be an Ambassador from the Celestial Empire, as is evinced by the case of the late Chinese Ambassador to St. Petersburg, who has been condemned to death for signing a treaty already injurious to the interests of China. The Marquis of Tseng-Yong, known in Chinese literature as Kie-Kang, was born on the 2d day of the eleventh moon of the nineteenth year of the reign of Tao-Kwang (1838), in Chiang Siang province of Hoopé. He passed the examinations admitting him to high dignities in the ninth year of the Emperor Tong Tehé, and was appointed to a directorship in the Ministry of Finance. His father, Tseng-Wen-Tchang was President of the Council of State, Viceroy of the two Kiangs, and was the Minister who crushed the Taping revolt and recaptured Nankin. He was made by the Emperor hereditary Marquis of Y Yong (brave and valiant), and on his death every province was ordered to erect a temple in his honor. His son, Tseng-Kie-Kang inherited the title, and after three years' mourning, was made honorary president of the ministries of the fourth order and decorated with the peacock feather. He arrived in Europe January 1st, 1879, as Minister Plenipotentiary to the two great powers, England and France. During the last year he was made President of the Tribunal of Rites, and has recently been appointed to the difficult post of Ambassador to Russia.

THE NEW BRITISH FLAGSHIP AT HALIFAX.

HER MAJESTY'S ship "Northampton," bearing the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir Leopold McClintock, Knight, F. R. S., commander of the North American and West Indian Navy, arrived at Halifax, N. S., on May 15th, from England via Bermuda. The "Northampton" is the largest modern battle-ship which ever visited this side of the Atlantic, and is one of the finest in the British Navy, being lighted with patent electric lights, while bells and telephones communicate with all parts of the ship, and her compasses, steering gear and rigging are all of the most improved character.

The vessel is of strange appearance, certainly not handsome, but imposing, being painted white, and the hull standing over twenty feet out of water. Her portholes are so arranged that guns can be fired ahead, astern or abeam. The admiral's apartments are furnished with regal magnificence. The vessel is fitted with two engines of 6,000-horse-power, working twin screws, that give a maximum speed of fourteen knots. Her sail area is 24,166 square feet. She is armed with four eighteen-ton guns, eight twelve-ton broadside guns, six twenty-pounders, three nine-pounders, two Gatlings and six Nordenfeldts, being heavily armor-plated, and is divided into watertight compartments, carries 600 men, and is commanded by Captain Fisher.

Sir Leopold McClintock is a world-famed man, as being prominent in several Arctic expeditions. In 1837, when Lady Franklin and friends, unable to obtain any further aid from the Government of the day in what it considered fruitless search, determined at their own expense to float another expedition and make a final effort to obtain some tidings of the fate of the brave Sir John Franklin and his expedition dispatched by the Government twelve years previously, he was chosen as the most suitable officer to command the expedition, sailing from Aberdeen, September 1st, 1857, in the steam-yacht *Fox*.

His three years' absence resulted in a solution of the mystery so long surrounding the lost crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*. For his service he was knighted, made an LL.D.



THE MARQUIS OF TSENG, CHINESE AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE AND ENGLAND,
WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILD.

of Trinity College, Dublin, and of Cambridge, D.C.L. of Oxford, and was presented with the freedom of the City of London. He is a good specimen of the old-fashioned British seadog, but very affable withal.

the Act relating to religious corporations. Mr. Putnam's speech is said by the papers of that day to have attracted very general attention throughout the country. He acted with the American Party in the

of being utilized and brought to strengthen Canada. Sir Alexander holds that, by the Confederation Act, the Canadians are now placed with reference to commercial questions on the same footing in respect to the Imperial Government as towards any foreign government.

In regard to any Canadian negotiations with foreign countries, it is believed that England will assist the Colonists with her good will and all the ability of her trained diplomatic staff. It is not proposed to attempt any independent negotiation, but the Canadians will have the Foreign Office to assist and support them in case they should.

HON. JAMES O. PUTNAM.

JAMES O. PUTNAM, who was nominated on May 24th to the office of United States Minister to Belgium, in place of Hon. William E. Goodloe, of Kentucky, resigned, was born in Attica, Wyoming County, State of New York, July 4th, 1813. His father, the late Hon. Harvey Putnam, was a leading lawyer of Western New York, and for many years a member of the State Senate, and served his district in the Twenty-fifth, Thirty-first and Thirty-second Congresses.

James O. Putnam entered Hamilton College in 1834. At the end of his sophomore year he visited the South, and was principal of the academy in Florence, Alabama, during the Winter of 1836-37. He entered the Junior Class of Yale College—the class of '39. He was admitted to the Bar in 1841, and has practiced his profession in the City of Buffalo. He was of the Henry Clay school in politics, and was appointed Postmaster of Buffalo by President Fillmore. In 1854 he was elected to the State Senate, and in the divisions of the Whig Party was known as a "Silver Gray." But during the struggle over the repeal of the Missouri Compromise he made a speech in the Senate in favor of instructing the New York Senators to oppose the repeal. His Senatorial career is best remembered by his Bill, and speech in support of it, on ecclesiastical tenures, requiring all church property to be vested in trustees under

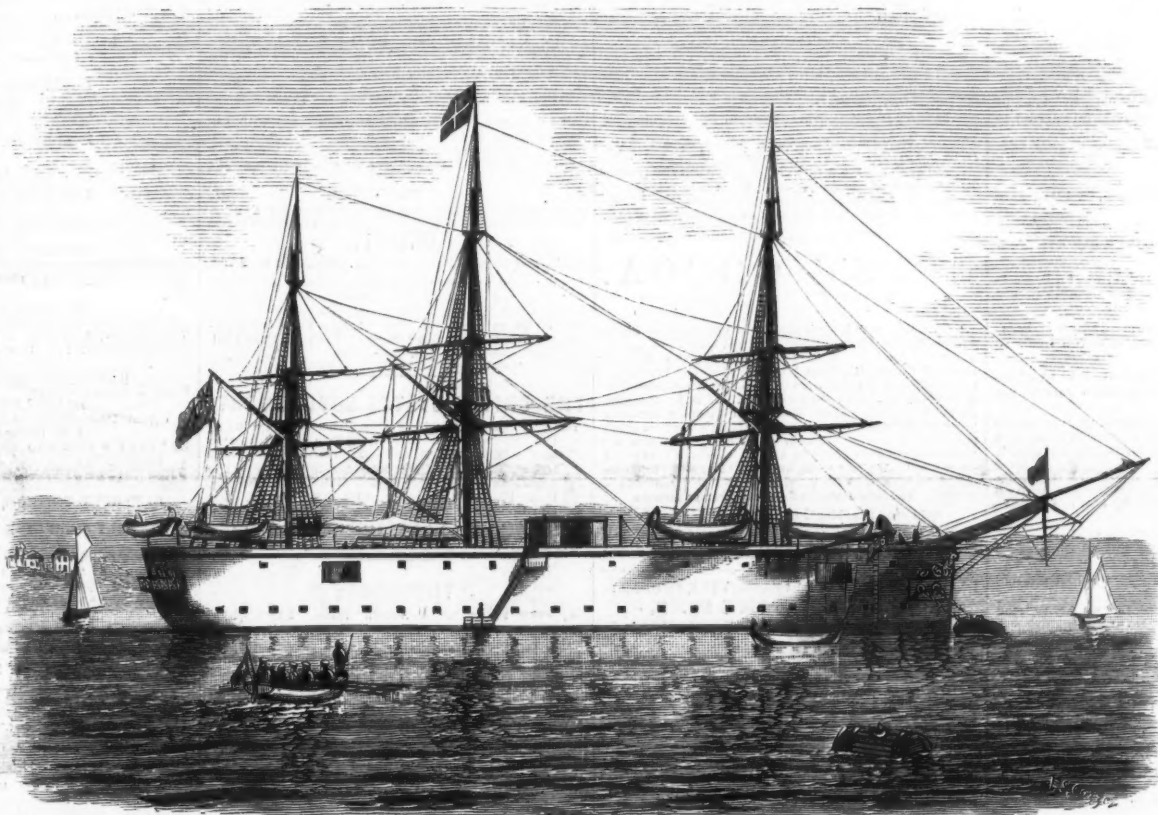
the canvass of 1856, and was the American candidate for Secretary of State in 1857. He took a leading part in effecting the union of the American and Republican parties in Western New York, which was consummated in his own city and county in the elections of 1858.

In 1860 Mr. Putnam was one of the two State Lincoln electors (at large), the late William Cullen Bryant being his colleague.

He was appointed to the Havre Consulate by President Lincoln. While so abroad, he prepared the address of American citizens in Paris on the occasion of the death of President Lincoln. He also delivered the oration on the 22d of February, 1866, in Paris, at the first general celebration of Washington's Birthday in Europe after the opening of the war in 1861.

Since Mr. Putnam's return, in 1867, he has devoted his life principally to literary studies. A volume of his orations and speeches was published at the beginning of the present year.

The following is an extract from an article in the Buffalo Courier, the Democratic organ, commenting on his appointment: "Our citizens, without distinction of party, will be gratified to learn that the President has sent to the Senate the name of Hon. James O. Putnam, of Buffalo, to be Minister Resident at the court of Belgium, vice William C. Goodloe, of Kentucky, resigned. It is no flattery to Mr. Putnam to say that he is eminently fitted for this position, and would do honor to his country in the highest of the diplomatic places abroad. A gentleman of brilliant natural gifts and of liberal



NOVA SCOTIA.—H. M. S. "NORTHAMPTON," FLAGSHIP OF THE NORTH AMERICAN AND WEST INDIAN NAVY, NOW AT HALIFAX.
FROM A SKETCH BY H. E. TWINING.

SIR ALEXANDER GALT.

ALTHOUGH the leaders of the Liberal Party in England are pledged not to disturb the relations of the Colonies with the Mother Country, it is said at Ottawa, Canada, on the best authority, that within a year or two the incoming administration will alter the status of that country in some respects. The changes, which will be made with the full consent of the Dominion Parliament, will embrace the simplification of the present system and the appointment of the Governor-general from the ranks of Canadian politicians.

The appointment of a Canadian statesman to the Governor-generalship will enable the Dominion Parliament to cut down the salary of that office from \$50,000 to \$15,000 or \$20,000 a year, to effect a large saving in the maintenance of Rideau Hall and in the general expenses connected with the viceregal establishment. It is also proposed to reduce the militia expenditure, to form one or two skeleton corps of regulars, and disband the rest of the force. This will save close upon a million a year. These changes will be made gradually. The Marquis of Lorne will probably retire at the end of 1880, when his term of office is half completed, and his Canadian successor will be chosen by the Imperial Government. When Sir John Macdonald and other Dominion ministers were in England last year, this reorganization was discussed not only with Lord Beaconsfield and his colleagues, but also with Lord Hartington, Earl Granville, Mr. Forster, and other leading Liberals. The appointment of Sir Alexander Galt as Canadian High Commissioner in England, with official residence in London, was the direct result of these conversations.

Sir Alexander is well-known in the United States. He was selected by the late English administration to preside over the Halifax Fisheries Conference. The present mission he divides into three parts: financial, immigration and diplomatic.

With regard to the first, it is intended that the Dominion should take charge of its own finances in London.

The settlement of the Northwest, which is now regarded as the most vital of all points of policy, can only be carried through at a very considerable expense, and, to be successful, that expense has to be incurred at a very early date. Sir Alexander declares that it is only through railways that this immigration can be furthered, and that unless those railways are built through Canadian territory before the opportune moment passes away, all the emigration, which is certain to leave the British Isles, will be diverted to a foreign country, instead



SIR ALEXANDER GALT, CANADIAN HIGH COMMISSIONER
TO ENGLAND.



HON. JAS. O. PUTNAM, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO BELGIUM.
FROM A PHOTO. BY MOESE.

culture, yet withal a thorough American, he is just the kind of man by whom the American people should wish to be represented in foreign lands. We happen to know that he has not sought for office at the hands of the present Administration, and it is therefore all the more creditable to his old college friend, Secretary Evans, as well as to Mr. Hayes, that they should have determined to draw him out of private life and into a branch of the public service for which he is so admirably adapted.

Joseph Meyer's Acting.

A CORRESPONDENT at Oberammergau writes as follows of the actor who essays the rôle of Christ in the Passion Play: "Joseph Meyer portrayed his sacred original with what seemed to be to the spectators a wonderful degree of verisimilitude; and, indeed, no one could have seen him hanging on the cross without being fairly amazed at the accuracy with which the traditional likeness in all things had been copied to the very life; but, nevertheless, there was a decided want of some element in his speech and demeanor which a bolder and more intellectual actor would essay to supply. At the second representation Joseph Meyer, if anything, had rather improved in his high part, every action in particular requiring the accompaniment of low or no words being executed with great ease and the proper degree of dignity. The washing of his disciples' feet, his agony in the garden, his meek submission to stripes and insults, his look and attitude before his accusers, the forcible expulsion of the money-changers from the Temple, and his bearing of the cross, as well as his pendent attitude thereon, were all exceedingly well performed in a way which, while proper to the dignity of the character, could not offend the most sensitive religious feeling. The taking down from the cross, on the other hand, is no inconsiderable triumph of what might almost be called engineering skill, nothing being wanting to invest the scene with vivid realism, though a sense of decided relief is felt when the central figure, with the flanking malefactors, is safely brought to the ground. The sound of a hammer behind the curtain is all that assists the fancy to realize the nailing to the cross. Probably the only marked instance in which Meyer successfully aims at dramatic effect is when, with a deep and agonized sigh, distinctly audible by all the audience, he drops his head and dies; and then his rigid suspension for about twenty minutes is admitted by all to be a masterpiece of gymnastic art, nor does the stiffness of his limbs relax while he is being wrapped in the costly linen cloth by Joseph of Arimathea—a well-played character—and carried to the sepulchre."

FUN.

CONGRESS keeps all its gas to itself, and will give none to the post offices.

If you want correct information about any kind of business, ask the individual who has never engaged in it.

PATRICK ON THE ZEBRA—"That kind of a beast is that—the mule wid his ribs on the outside of his skin entirely?"

DISHONEST physicians, like some dishonest boot-blacks, do not pay much attention to the heels so long as they get their fees.

IN ancient Mexico it was the custom to sacrifice human beings to the gods. This was a case where several wrongs made a rite.

"HERE'S a letter," said Pat Maloney, "from me gurl, and would ye please be readin' it to me wid yer ize shut, that ye can't be a-larnin my secrets."

MISS H. (who has chosen medicine as a profession, to professor, who has given the class an ox's head to dissect: "Oh! professor, can't we have forks to handle it with?")

THE NEW SLEEVE. Granny (from the country)—"But why do they all show the tops of their arms in that ridiculous manner?" *Furious Youth*: "The fact is, grandma, they're all going to be vaccinated after supper!"

"By George," said Mr. Topioly, as he twirled his light-complexioned little cane about his fingers. "That girl is as good as an artificial ice machine. Aw! I inquired if my company would be, aw, acceptable, and, by George, she simply looked at me. Aw! I felt very queasy."

SHE newly married, and doing wonders in the housekeeping department: "And do you know why the tea is so good? Because I put a tiny pinch of soda in the pot. Pray, sir, before you were married, did you ever put anything in your tea?" *He*: "Yes; I used to put a little brandy." (Violence.)

IMPORTANT TESTIMONY.

"THERE is no doubt," says the *Boston Journal of Commerce*, "as to the genuineness and positive results of the 'Compound Oxygen Treatment.' From what we learn of this new cure, we are well satisfied that its general use would annually save thousands from untimely graves, and give back to full or comparative health tens of thousands of weary or suffering invalids to whom life is now a burden." Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen" sent free. Address DR. STARKY & PALEN, 1112 Girard St., Phila., Pa.

YOUNG ladies have received an unusually intelligent direction from guileless peasant youth. *First Young Lady*: "Thank you, my lad, you are a very sharp boy." *G. P. Y.*: "Ees, but o'd be a darned sight sharper with the application of a little blunty." The little dears did not understand slang, so the hint was thrown away.

THE ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL.—To many people who are not enforcible residents of this city for the greater part of the year, New York offers many attractions as a summer resort. Not to speak of the cool sea breeze which it enjoys almost every summer afternoon, not to speak of its parks, etc., it may be chosen as a central point from which to make many delightful excursions. And in New York no more central house may be selected than the well-known St. Nicholas, in Broadway. It is not so many years ago that the St. Nicholas was visited by all strangers as illustrating the highest level of hotel luxury. It still holds its own in comparison with its later rivals. The rooms, single and en suite, are comfortable and elegant. The house is famous, too, for its excellent cookery.

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCOAINE. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is at the same time unrivaled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days.

THE SCOTT PAPER CO. (successors to T. Seymour Scott & Co.), No. 27 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa., took the Grand Prize Medal at Great International Exhibition at Sydney, New South Wales, for their "PAPELUM," an article that looks like the finest oil-cloth, and just as durable, so said, but made of paper, and in elegant styles and patterns, resembling the finest oil-cloth. It is worth seeing and purchasing, and can be used as oil-cloth is used, and it is an "American invention," and deserves success.

RATIONAL TREATMENT, POSITIVE CURES.

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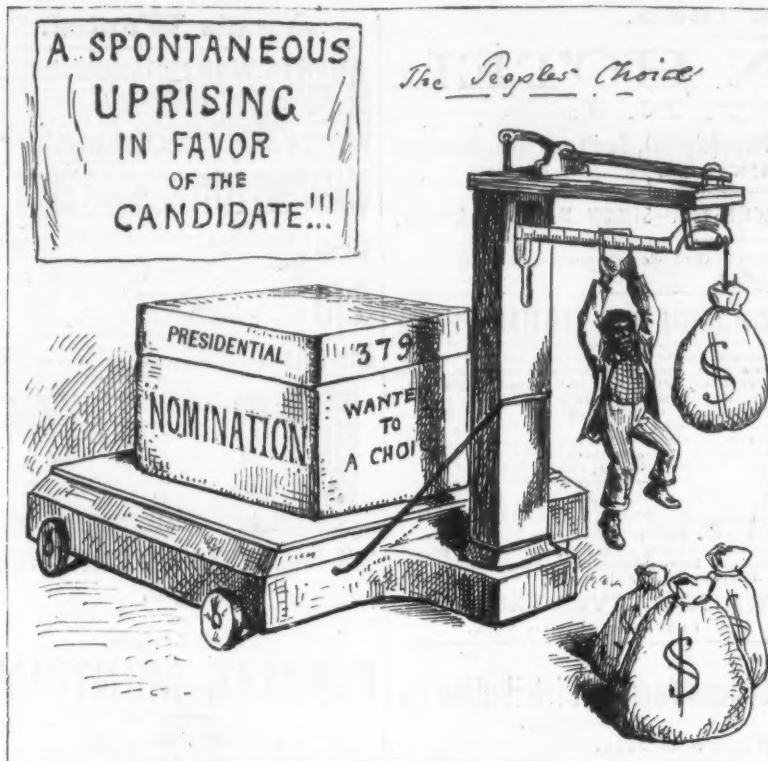
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THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

JAMES A. GARFIELD FOR PRESIDENT,
CHESTER A. ARTHUR FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

THE National Republican Convention concluded its six days' session on June 8th by the nomination of General James A. Garfield, of Ohio, for President, and the Hon. Chester A. Arthur, of New York, for Vice-President. The contest over the Presidential nomination was marked by unusual interest and intensity, the partisans of General Grant especially displaying an obstinacy of purpose and an audacious confidence which has rarely been matched. The supporters of Mr. Blaine apparently addressed their efforts to the one object of defeating Grant if they could not nominate their favorite, and, in the end, victory was to this extent theirs.

In the initial ballot on June 7th, the vote for the several candidates was as follows: Grant, 394; Blaine, 284; Sherman, 93; Edmunds, 54; Washburne, 30; Windom, 10. The balloting continued during the day and evening without any material changes, closing at 10 P. M. (on the 8th ballot) with 307 for Grant, 279 for Blaine, 91 for Sherman, 31 for Edmunds, 35 for Washburne, 10 for Windom, and 2 for Garfield. At that hour the Convention adjourned until the morning of the 8th, when it reassembled at 10:30, a conference having been meanwhile held by the friends of Mr. Blaine and Secretary Sherman. Balloting was promptly resumed. The first ballot (the 29th) of the Convention showed that each candidate had substantially the same strength as when the voting ended, the night before. Grant had 305 votes and Blaine 278. Sherman, however, had 116. The contest then went forward without the change of more than a dozen votes, until the thirty-fourth ballot was reached. On the thirty-fourth ballot Garfield, who had had one vote, suddenly received 17. On the next he received 50.

When the roll was called for the thirty-sixth ballot, the Blaine and Sherman States began to cast their votes for General Garfield from the beginning of the call. When Wisconsin was reached he had 361 votes. Three hundred and seventy-nine were necessary to a choice, and Wisconsin's 20 would send him before the country. The excitement was intense. Half the Convention rose to its feet, and the occupants of the galleries seemed wild with enthusiasm.

Leaders of all factions ran hurriedly hither and thither through the Convention; and, while the building was resounding with loud cheers for Garfield, there was a cluster of excited delegates about the General himself, who sat quiet and cool in his ordinary place at the end of one of the rows of seats in the Ohio delegation, having his own seat in the middle aisle near the very rear of the Convention. He wore the white badge of an Ohio delegate on his coat, and held his massive head steadily immovable. But for an appearance of extra resoluteness on his face, as that of a man who was repressing internal excitement, he might have been supposed to have as little interest in the proceedings as any other delegate on the floor of the Convention. There has been no such dramatic incident in politics, for a great many years at least, except possibly the nomination of Horatio Seymour in 1868. Entirely apart from all political considerations, it was an extraordinary and impressive incident to see this quiet man suddenly wheeled by a popular sentiment into the position of standard-bearer to the Republican Party, and possibly into the Presidency itself, with its great power and world-wide fame. All this while the crowd had been cheering, and the elements of the Convention were dissolving and crystallizing in an instant of time.



GENERAL CHESTER A. ARTHUR, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—FROM A PHOTO, BY SARONY.

When Wisconsin gave her vote for Garfield, a tornado swept over the Convention. Delegates ran up the aisles with the banners of the States and Territories, and grouped themselves around Garfield. He sat beneath a forest of waving guidons, and received the congratulations of his friends. A uniformed sergeant of United States Artillery climbed out of a window from the gallery back of the platform, and the roar of artillery added to the great uproar. Men tied their handkerchiefs to their canes, and waved them over the heads of the excited delegates. The band struck up "Hail to the Chief," and the booming of cannon swelled the chorus. A Japanese flag floated from the northern gallery. The notes of "Yankee Doodle" were tooted on the cornets, and were followed by the music of "Rally Round the Flag." All joined in the chorus of

"Freedom for ever, hurrah, boys! hurrah!
Down with the traitors, up with the Stars,
And we'll rally round the flag, boys, rally
once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom."

The bannerets danced time to music, and the effect was electric. It was a second edition of the Boston Jubilee. Garfield's friends swarmed about him, and nearly pulled his shoulder from its socket. For twenty minutes the uproar continued. Then the stage guidons were again planted along the aisle, and the monotonous calling of the roll was resumed. The ballot resulted as follows:

Whole number of votes.....	755
Necessary to a choice.....	378
Grant.....	306
Blaine.....	42
Sherman.....	3
Washburne.....	5
Garfield.....	399

Upon the announcement of the result, congratulatory speeches were made by Messrs. Conkling, Logan, Beaver, Hale, Pleasants and others, and the nomination was made unanimous. After a brief adjournment the Convention reassembled, and nominations were made for Vice-President, the name of Chester A. Arthur being presented by General Woodford. One ballot was taken, resulting as follows:

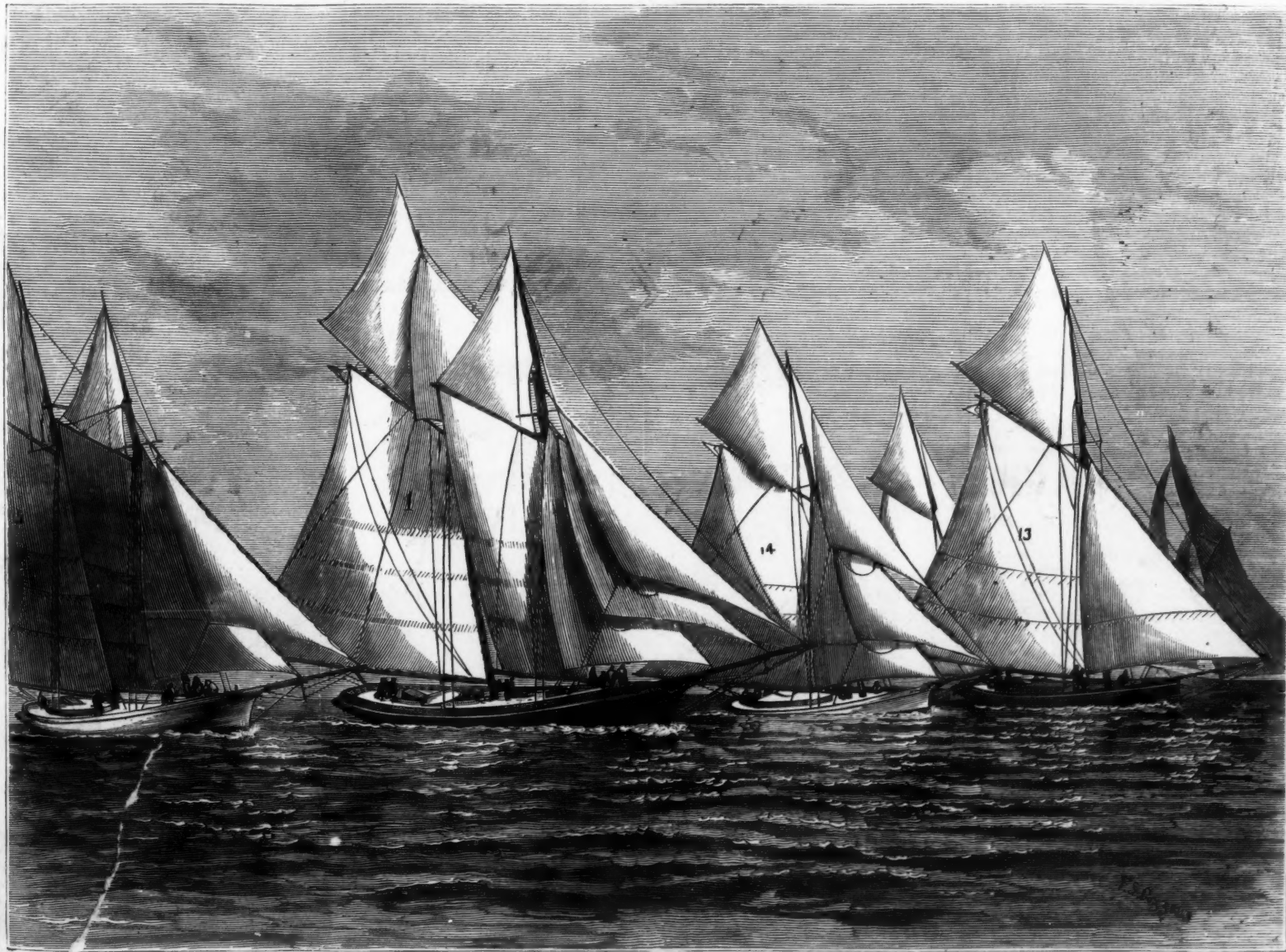
Whole number of votes.....	743
Necessary to a choice.....	373
Washburne.....	193
Jewell.....	44
Maynard.....	30
Arthur.....	468
Bruce.....	8

The nomination was made unanimous. At 7:25 P. M. the Convention adjourned sine die.

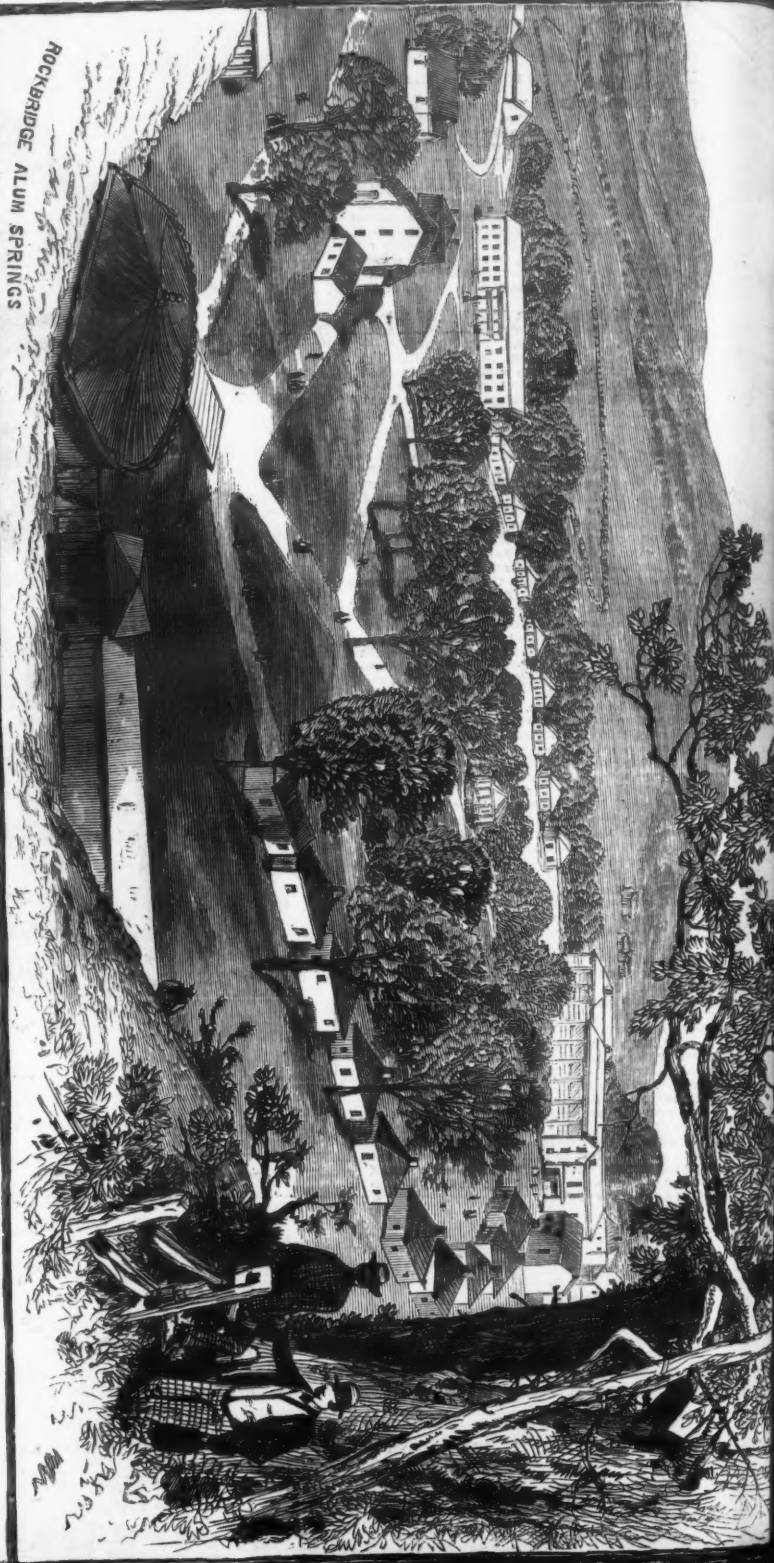
General Garfield was officially informed of his nomination on the night following the adjournment of the Convention, and the next morning, with a number of friends, left for his home in Ohio. Crowds, with flags, cannon and bands of music, greeted him at several towns. At Toledo Junction and Cleveland the public receptions were on a large scale. At his home at Mentor his reception was peculiarly enthusiastic and gratifying.

THE CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.

James Abraham Garfield was born November 19th, 1831, in the town of Orange, Cuyahoga County, Ohio. His father, who came from New York, was of New England stock. James was the youngest of four children, who were left fatherless when he was but two years of age. Mrs. Garfield was a woman of remarkable business qualities; and, with the aid of her three older boys, she managed to support herself and the family on the little farm left by her husband. James from his earliest years was obliged to aid to the extent of his ability in the general work about his home in the Summer, while



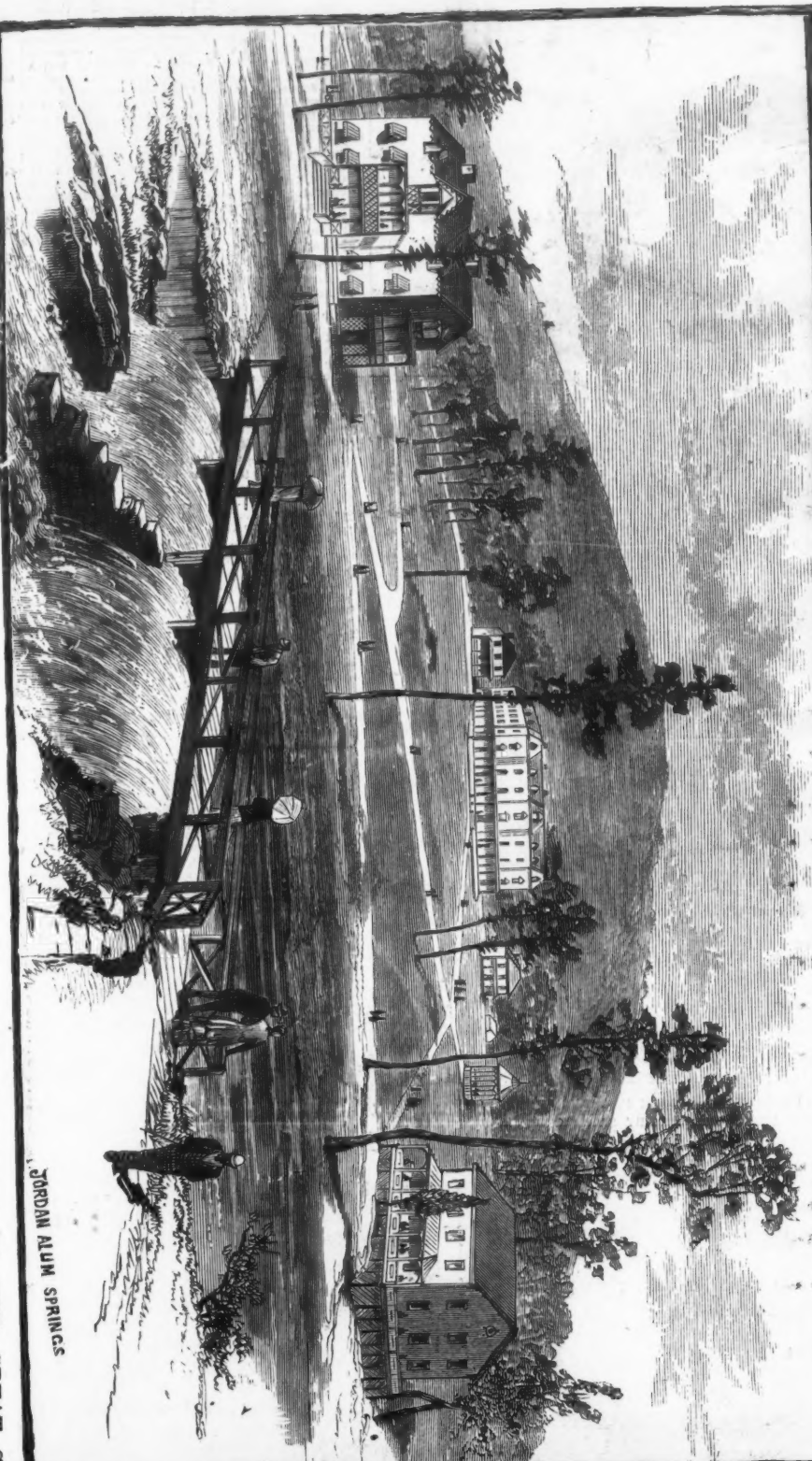
NEW YORK.—THE START DOWN THE BAY OF THE ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB, ON THE FIFTEENTH ANNUAL REGATTA, JUNE 9TH.—SEE PAGE 296.



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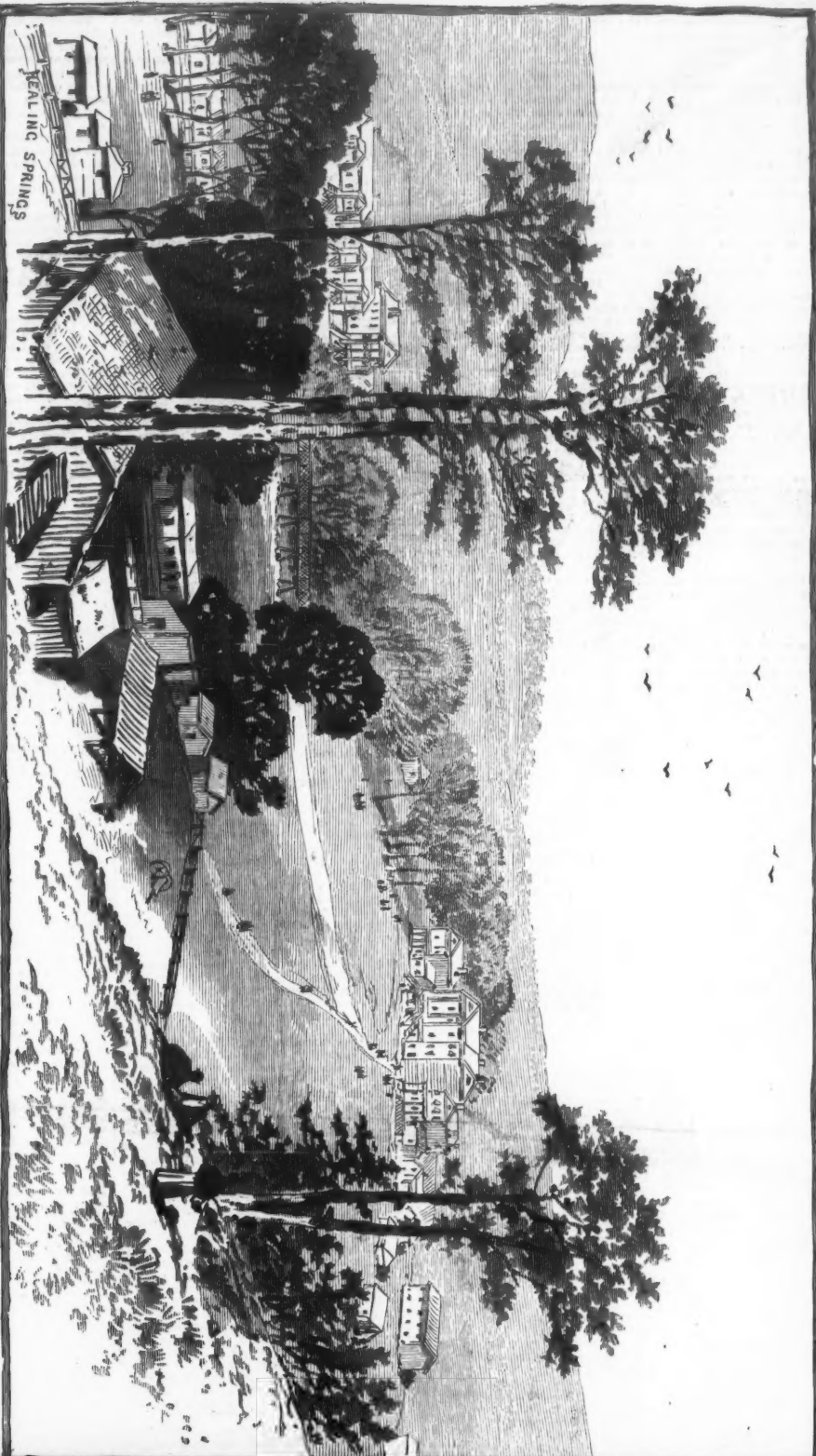


JORDAN ALUM SPRINGS



SHENANDOAH FALLS

VIRGINIA.—THE SOUTH IN 1880.—OPENING OF THE SUMMER TRAVELING SEASON.—A VISIT TO THE GREAT SPRINGS REGION.—FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER GOWDER.—SEE PAGE 296.



during the winter he worked at a carpenter's bench, securing opportunities for study as he could command. In his seventeenth year, wishing to earn larger wages, he determined to become a canal-man, and secured a position as driver of a boat on the Ohio Canal. His care and attention to his humble business attracted the attention of his superiors, and he was soon promoted to the more dignified post of holding the tiller of the boat. He continued in this business, saving what little of his earnings he could, for about eighteen months, when he entered the Geauga Seminary. His mother had some small savings, which she gave him, together with a few cooking utensils and a stock of provisions. He hired a small room and cooked his own food, to make expenses as light as possible. By working at the carpenter's bench mornings and evenings and at vacation times, and teaching country scholars in winter, he managed to go through the academy, and saved some funds with which to make his way through college. He entered Williams College in 1854, and graduated in 1856, bearing off the metaphysical honor of his class, which is esteemed at Williams as among the highest within the gift of the institution to the graduating members.

Before going to college, he had joined the sect of the "Disciples," better known as "Campbellites," from their founder, Alexander Campbell. This sect had a numerous membership in Ohio, and all the Garfield family were connected with it. The "Eclectic Institute" in Hiram, was the college of this sect, and here Mr. Garfield became professor of Latin and Greek. During his professorship he married Miss Lucretia Rudolph. Two years later his political life began. His sermons had attracted attention to him, and in 1859 he was brought forward by the anti-slavery people of Portage and Summit Counties as their candidate for State Senator. He was elected by a large majority, and, young as he was, he at once took high rank in the Ohio Legislature, as a man unusually well informed on the subjects of legislation, and effective and powerful in debate. He seemed always prepared to speak, and always spoke fluently and well. When the secession of the Southern States began, Mr. Garfield's course was mainly an outspoken one, and he was among the foremost to maintain the rights of the National Government to coerce seceded States. Early in the summer of 1861, he was appointed colonel of the Forty-second Ohio Volunteers, and took the field in Eastern Kentucky, and was soon placed in command of a brigade, and, by making one of the hardest marches ever made by recruits, surprised and routed the rebel forces, under Humphrey Marshall, at Ekston. He took part in all the operations of the army in the Southwest, his last conspicuous military service being at the battle of Chattanooga. For his services there he was made a major-general. It is said that he wrote all the orders given to the army that day, and submitted them all to General Rosecrans, save one. The one he did not write was the fatal order to General Wood, which was so worded as not to correctly convey the meaning of the commanding general, which caused the destruction of the right wing of the army.

The Congressional District in which Garfield lived was the one long made famous by Joshua R. Giddings. While Garfield was in the field in 1862 he was nominated for Congress in that district. He accepted the nomination, believing that the war would end before he entered Congress, but continued his military service until 1863. He first served on the Committee on Military Affairs, where, by his activity, industry, and familiarity with the wants of the army, he did as signal service as he could have done in the field. He soon became known as a powerful speaker, remarkably ready, and always effective in debate, while in the committee he proved himself an efficient worker. His party nominated him by acclamation on the expiration of his term, and on his return to the House he was given a leading place on its leading committee—on Ways and Means. Here he soon rose to great influence. He studied the whole range of financial questions with the assiduity of his college days, so that he is looked upon to-day as one of the ablest of our national financiers. He held until 1875, and his party stood by him, re-electing him successively to the Thirty-ninth, Fortieth, Forty-first, Forty-second, Forty-third, Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth, and Forty-sixth Congresses. During these several terms he has served as the Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, of the Committee on Banking and Currency, and of the Appropriations Committee. This last chairmanship he held until 1875, when the Democrats came into power. Two years later, when James G. Blaine went to the Senate, General Garfield became by common consent the Republican leader in the House, a position which he has maintained ever since. In January last he was elected to the Senate to fill the seat of Allen G. Thurman, who retires on the 4th of next March. He received the unanimous vote of the Republican caucus for this position, an honor never conferred before on any man by any party in the State of Ohio.

In appearance, General Garfield is very commanding and impressive. He stands six feet high, and is broad-shouldered and strongly built. His head is unusually large, and his forehead remarkably high. He wears light-brown hair and beard, and has light blue eyes, a prominent nose and full cheeks. He usually wears a slouch hat, and always dresses plainly. He is temperate in all things except brain work, and is devoted to his wife and children, of whom he has five living, two having died in infancy. The two older boys, Harry and James, are attending school in New Hampshire; while the two younger, Irwin and Abram, live with their parents. His only daughter, Mary, is a nervous, rosy cheeked girl of about twelve. His mother is still living, and forms one of his family. General Garfield has a house in Washington, where he spends his winters, and a farm in Mentor, Lake County, Ohio, where he spends all his time when not engaged at the capital. His farm comprises 125 acres of land, of which he has cultivated, and here the General finds a recreation of which he never tires, in directing the field work and making improvements in the buildings, fences, and orchards.

THE VICE-PRESIDENTIAL NOMINEE.

Chester A. Arthur, the candidate for Vice-President, is a native of Franklin County, Vt., and is in the fiftieth year of his age. He received his education in Union College, Schenectady, being graduated when eighteen years of age in the Class of '48. Immediately after graduating he came to New York City to live, and prepared himself for the Bar. After being admitted to the Bar, he practiced both alone and with others as members of a law firm.

In 1863 Jonathan and Juliet Lemmon, Virginia slaveholders, intending to emigrate to Texas, came to this city to await the sailing of a steamer, bringing eight slaves with them. A writ of *habeas corpus* was obtained from Judge Paine to test the question whether the provisions of the Fugitive Slave Law were in force in this State. Judge Paine rendered a decision holding that they were not, and ordering the Lemmon slaves to be liberated. Henry I. Clinton was one of the counsel for the slaveholders. A howl of rage went up from the South, and the Virginia Legislature authorized the Attorney-General of that State to assist in taking an appeal. William M. Everts and Chester A. Arthur were employed to represent the people, and they won the case, which then went to the Supreme Court of the United States. Charles O'Connor here espoused the cause of the slaveholders; but he, too, was beaten by Messrs. Everts and Arthur, and a long step was taken toward the emancipation of the black race. Another great service was rendered by General Arthur in the same case in 1856. Lizzie Jennings, a respectable colored woman, was put off a Fourth Avenue car with violence, after she had paid her fare. General Arthur sued on her behalf, and secured a verdict of \$500 damages. The next day the company issued an order to permit colored persons to ride on their cars, and the other car companies quickly followed their example. Before that the Sixth Avenue company ran a few special cars for colored persons, and the other lines refused to let them ride at all.

On January 1st, 1861, General Arthur was appointed Engineer-in-Chief by Governor Morgan of this State. In this office he did very valuable service in the equipment of the volunteers of this State for the war, and on January 1st, 1862, in honor of these services, he was appointed Quartermaster-General on Governor Morgan's staff. Here he again worked with great energy to forward troops to the seat of war. He took great interest in politics, and gradually became one of the leaders of the Republican Party in this State. Upon November 20th, 1871, he was appointed Collector of the Port by President Grant to succeed Thomas Murphy. Upon the expiration of his four years' term, so acceptably had he filled the post, that he was reappointed in December, 1875. The nomination this time was unanimously confirmed by the Senate without reference to a committee as usual. This was a high compliment, usually reserved for ex-Senators. On July 21st, 1878, he was removed by President Hayes, and was succeeded by Collector Merritt.

Upon September 18th, 1879, he was elected Chairman of the Republican State Committee. It was largely due to his skillful management that the campaign was such a successful one—all the Republican candidates for State officers being elected.

THE SOUTH IN 1880.

THE FAMOUS SPRINGS REGION IN VIRGINIA.

THE summer season is now open. The yachts have taken on their spotless canvas attire, and career saucily in the wind. The first dip in the ocean has been taken, the first stroll on the warm, white sand. Stout shoes press the mountain side. Faces are already bronzed. The delicious season of rest—so they call it—has come. What a misnomer is that word, rest! People tell us that after the laborious work of the winter, after the fatigue of the ball, the opera, the theatre, the reception, they must seek the seaside, the mountain top, the health resort—for what? For recreation and rest. And how hard they do rest! No clerk at his desk, no financier in the money-market, no woman of society, erasing one by one the engagements on her list, work half as hard as while seeking and participating in this popular recreation and rest. If man earns bread by the sweat of his brow, so society gains rest by exhilarating, but nevertheless hard, work. Still, it is the proper thing to undergo a vast amount of fatigue in the name of pleasure and health, and away we go with the earliest votaries of Summer travel.

That we may withstand the wear of a long season, a flitting to this resort, and a loitering at that, we propose to start out with the best equipment of physical energy, and to secure this we make our first trip to the wonderful region of springs in Virginia.

The chief points of departure after reaching the State line are Staunton and Lynchburg, because these cities are on extremities of a fork of railroads—the Chesapeake and Ohio, and the Washington City, Virginia, Midland and Great Southern, dividing from the main stem of travel at Charlottesville; and it is this angle—one line running through Staunton towards the Ohio, the other through Lynchburg, Tennessee—which measures the Spring Region, and that section of the great mountain belt of the State most interesting in its display of scenery.

The Summer resorts on the line of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway comprise every variety, from the famous "Mecca," where Fashion's votaries make their yearly pilgrimage, to the quiet retreat where families find Summer homes. The ballroom, music, bowling-alley, billiard-rooms are found, and all of the many appliances to furnish pastimes to the pleasure-seeker, as well as waters which possess healing efficacy for every infirmity to which the human frame is subject, are found at Virginia Springs; and last, not least, for invalid and pleasure-seeker, at every fashionable watering-place and every quiet retreat, scenery of rare beauty and air unsurpassed for healthfulness are found.

The Warm Springs are situated in Bath County, and are reached by stages from Covington or Milboro' Stations, on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway. The road from Covington passes in view of the cataract of the Falling Springs, where a foaming mountain brook tumbles over a rocky ledge two hundred feet high; while on the Milboro' route, only fifteen miles from the springs, the traveler will be charmed by the magnificent view from the top of Warm Spring Mountain, and of the curious Blowing Cave, situated near the banks of the Cow-Pasture River. Of the many health-giving fountains in this region, the Warm Springs were the first utilized by invalids, the curative properties of the water—having been discovered by the Indians. The water is very abundant, and is used both for drinking and bathing. There are two large baths, to which are attached private and smaller ones, both warm and cold.

The Gentleman's Bath is an octagon, about forty feet in diameter and one hundred and twenty in circumference. It is ninety-eight degrees in temperature, and is supplied with water, of which it holds forty-three thousand gallons, by springs pouring forth one thousand gallons per minute. The Ladies' Bath is a circular bath fifty feet in diameter and one hundred and fifty in circumference. As a swimming pool it is very attractive, and many ladies learn to swim. The temperature, perhaps, is a little less than ninety-eight degrees, and is supplied with water, of which it holds sixty thousand gallons, by springs entirely distinct from any other bath, pouring forth fully twelve hundred gallons per minute. It has attached a handsome reception-room, twenty private dressing-rooms, private baths of the same temperature of the main bath—douche or spout baths, and cold water plunge or shower baths.

The best times for bathing are in the morning before breakfast, and on an empty stomach before dinner. Bathers usually go in twice a day, and remain in the water from twelve to twenty minutes at a time.

The Drinking Spring, as it is called, is near the baths. It is a very bold stream, as clear as a crystal, and its use materially assists the action of the baths in the treatment of most of the diseases for which they are employed.

The Healing Springs are fifteen miles from Covington, on the Chesapeake and Ohio road, and eight from the Warm Springs. There is a fine cascade in the vicinity of the buildings, which constitute quite a village. The waters of this spring are said to be almost identical in their chemical analysis with the famous Schlangenbad and Ems waters of Germany.

The supply of water is abundant, being derived from four springs of essentially the same character, each of which affords a large volume of water. The water is beautifully bright and crystalline, and the ever-bubbling bubbles of gas that escape with the water and float in myriads of vesicles upon its surface impart to it a peculiar, sparkling appearance. Its temperature is uniformly eighty-five and eighty-eight degrees Fahrenheit. Ladies say that this water possesses the virtue of softening and beautifying the skin. It produces the most delightful satin-like feeling, and renders the complexion peculiarly clear and transparent; gives to the cheek a new tint, and makes one fancy the wrinkles are smoothed away.

There is every accommodation for tourists to enjoy hot and cold baths and these of the natural temperature. The Rockbridge Alum Springs began to attract attention about the year 1830. Persons from the adjacent country were in the habit of visiting them and camping out, sleeping for weeks in their wagons and rude huts, that they might avail themselves of the virtue of these waters in the cure of eruptive and cutaneous disease.

The Springs, four in number, are basins hollowed out at the base of the ledge of shales lying at the foot of Mill Mountain, and these waters, which are of different degrees of strength, may be administered from the fountains to the patients in various stages of disease. About 350 yards southeast of the hotel, there is also a chalybeate spring, which issues from a hill on the North Mountain side of the valley.

There are accommodations for five or six hundred guests, on the cottage and hotel plan, which seems so popular in the Virginia mountains; nor are the pleasures of the Summer resort neglected, as the means of ministering to gaiety and cheerfulness have been provided on a liberal scale. The mountains abound with game and the streams with trout.

The Jordan Alum Springs are but a short distance from and adjacent to the Rockbridge Alum; they have more lately come into public notice, but have attained no small share of popularity for the remedial virtues of their waters and the attractiveness of their grounds as a place of resort during the Summer months.

The accommodations are all modern, consisting of a "Grand Hotel," containing spacious halls and parlors, the handsomest and largest ballroom in the mountains, well ventilated dining and lodging rooms, lighted with gas; hot and cold baths on every floor, and double cottages near the hotel, which, with the exception of gas, are furnished in every respect like the main building. The means for amusement are such as are usually provided at the Virginia Springs, and in addition, is the delightful drive and visit to the Natural Bridge.

All the above resorts of mountain and spring are reached by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway through a charming and picturesque region. Tourists may go all rail by the Pennsylvania road via Gordonsville, or by the Baltimore and Ohio via Harper's Ferry and Staunton. Or those who like a breath of the sea en route for the mountains may go by the well-appointed steamers of the Old Dominion Steamship Company to Richmond, and thence by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad.

Northern visitors who go to these Springs by way of Alexandria will have an opportunity for going over Bull Run and the historic battle field of Manassas, and through Culpepper, Orange, Gordonsville and Charlottesville. Between the latter places a fine view is had of "Monticello," the home of Thomas Jefferson, while at Charlottesville the University of Virginia, founded by the author of the Declaration of Independence, can be seen. Between this point and Staunton the beauty and grandeur of the scenery is almost unrivaled. At Staunton the State has her asylums for the deaf, dumb, blind and insane.

If the Summer tourist expects to make the round of the resorts that fashion has made popular, nothing can be more sensible than to take what is true rest for a week in this region, and then, properly fortified, the subsequent recreation will be neither wearisome nor unduly fatiguing.

REGATTA OF THE ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB.

THE Atlantic Yacht Club opened the season on June 9th by sailing their fifteenth annual regatta. The conditions were by no means favorable. In the Bay there was almost no wind, while outside Sandy Hook there was so much that but few yachts ventured out. The yachts were divided into seven classes, Class A, being for schooners of 70 feet and over; Class B, for schooners under 70 feet; Class C, for cabin sloops of 55 feet and over; Class D, for cabin sloops of 43 feet and under 55 feet; Class E, for cabin sloops of 38 feet and under 43 feet; Class F, for cabin sloops under 38 feet, and Class G, for open sloops. There were two entries in Class A, the *Crusader* and the *Clyde*; two in Class B, the *Agnes* and the *Trilite*; four in Class C, the *Fanny*, *Coming*, *Vision* and *Mischief*; four in Class D, the *Genia*, *Polk*, *Fanta* and *Sadie*; three in Class E, the *Stella*, *Prize* and *Lizzie*; four in Class F, the *Genia*, *Schemer*, *Caprice*, *Flaming Cloud* and *Elephant*; and two in Class G, the *Corinne* and the *Pilot*. The start was from the club's new anchorage, near Bay Ridge. The course was, for the first four classes, including all the larger boats, down through the Narrows, to and around the stake-boat at Buoy 8½ on Southwest Spit, thence to and around the Sandy Hook Lightship, rounding the name by the eastward and southward, thence home, going south and west of the beacon on Ronger Shoal. For Classes E and F the course was the same, to and around the stake-boat, near a buoy in Gedney Channel, rounding the same from the southward; thence home, passing to the westward of the beacon on Ronger Shoal. For Class G, the course was the same, to and around the stake-boat, Buoy 8½, on Southwest Spit, rounding the buoy from the west and south, thence home. All yachts were required to pass to the westward of Fort Lafayette, both going and returning. The course for Classes A, B, C and D was estimated at 40 miles; for Class E and F at 32 miles, and for Class G at 24 miles. There was one prize for each class, and a Livingston Memorial Prize to be awarded to the boat which made the least time in the home stake-boat, without time allowance. The winners in the several classes, and the corrected time of reaching the home stake-boat, were as follows:

	H.	M.	S.
Class A— <i>Crusader</i>	10	06	10
Class B— <i>Trilite</i>	9	40	10
Class C— <i>Coming</i>	8	28	19
Class D— <i>Regina</i>	8	24	19
Class E— <i>Lizzie</i>	6	46	30
Class F— <i>Elephant</i>	6	44	16
Class G— <i>Corinne</i>	7	10	02

The *Regina* also took the Livingston Memorial Prize.

Afloat on the Mississippi.

On the 23d day of December, 1877, Captain W. P. Hall, of Davenport, Iowa, left that city in a skiff, bound on an exploring expedition for the Davenport Academy of Science, a volunteer venture on his part, incited by his love of archeological study and scientific research. His craft was a skiff, twenty one feet long and over five feet wide at the oar locks, and it bore a small frame house which was to be his lodging-place when he tied up for the night. And now, after an absence of two years and five months, he has returned to his home. The captain looks well, is straight and hearty as he was ten years ago, and though he looks weather-beaten indeed, he has an athletic appearance which most men would be proud of. In giving an account of his tour, he said he set out with the special purpose of exploring among the mounds of the South for relics of the predecessors of the Indian. He floated down the Mississippi to Morganza, Crevasse and Grand Rivers, and rowed through the lakes, bayous, rivers, creeks, bays, and every body of water navigable with his craft, stopping from one to three days at points of interest. He dug in the mounds of Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana and Arkansas. The reporters got to heralding him as "The Old Man in the Skiff." At a point a few miles below Soperville, Tenn., a couple of young men, who supposed he had money in his boat, opened fire on him one evening with lead slugs, and several of the slugs inflicted flesh wounds. He crawled into his cabin, got his shotgun, and when they got near he blazed away at them, and off they ran. He was laid up about a month by his wounds. He has been "shipwrecked" several times, and by two of these mishaps lost valuable relics. His journeyings have comprised a tour of at least 18,000 miles in his skiff. He has sent boxes of great value in ancient implements and utensils to the academy, and he says he

has many buried because he could not send them or bring them. He says he shall remain at home a few weeks, and then carry out a long-cherished design of making an exploration of the Lake Superior region in pursuit of his favorite science.

First Gold-find in Nevada.

NEVADA's first nugget was mined with a butcher's knife. John Orr started across the plains in 1849. The roads were bad, the weather was worse, and he was obliged to remain through the winter at Salt Lake. In April he resumed his journey. He had a partner named Nick Kelly, after whom Kelly's Ravine was named, and in the company was William Prouse, now living in Nurb City, about forty miles southeast of Salt Lake. Prouse had worked in mines before gold was discovered in Colorado, and was a good prospector. One day the train stopped on the edge of what is now known as Gold Cañon, near the Carson River, to let the animals feed on some bunch grass found growing among the sage brush. Prouse at noontime took a milk-pan, and going down to the gulch began washing dirt, in a few minutes getting color to the value of a few cents. Orr then named the place Gold Cañon.

The train soon after resumed travel, going to the head of the Carson Valley. There they met a party of seven who had left the train at the sink of the Humboldt, intending to go in advance to California and select good locations for the remainder of the party. They had been unable to cross the country, and had been lost in the snow four or five days, unable to find the divide to Hangtown. A stay in Carson for three weeks followed, when Orr, Kelly and several others returned to Gold Cañon, and resumed prospecting. Kelly and Orr went up the cañon until a little fork was reached, when work was begun.

The party had few tools, and Orr had nothing but a knife. While Kelly was working he noticed a very narrow place at the fork, where the water barely covered a slab of slate rock. Idly he examined it, and noticing a small crevice near the edge, drove the knife into it, breaking out a piece. The water running over it washed away the underlying dirt, and in a few seconds he discovered a gold nugget where the rock had covered it. It was quickly removed, and afterward found to weigh \$8.25. This was on the 1st of June, 1850, thirty years ago. Prospecting was continued, and though gold dust was found in several places throughout the cañon, Orr's was the only nugget. He still has it in his possession, the first ever found in Nevada.

Visiting in Afghanistan.

AFGHAN etiquette forbids paying visits in the off-hand and unceremonious way usual in Europe, and it is customary, and also convenient in many ways, to send at least a few hours' notice of the intention to call upon an Afghan. The visitor is received at the door by some confidential retainer or retainers, and conducted through an open courtyard to the foot of a rude, winding staircase, which leads first to an uncovered landing, and thence to the ordinary reception-room or balcony of the proprietor. Here he is received by the host in person, and conducted with every mark of courtesy and respect to a small row of chairs, the use of which article of furniture seems to be general in good society in Cabul, and to have quite superseded the carpets and felts which satisfied an older generation. After a few words of welcome and inquiries in a set formula after health on both sides, a tray of fruits usually appears, and is placed upon the carpet at the feet of the visitors. The fruits are followed by the tea-tray, and a cup of highly-sweetened green tea, without milk, is placed before the visitor. The conversation is then carried on with more or less spirit on the ordinary topics of the day, and here, if the visit is a merely formal one, the interview comes to an end, and the visitor is conducted to the door with the same formality and courtesy with which he was received. It is not, however, unusual for the host to ask if the attendants, who have been seated at a respectful distance all this time, shall withdraw in view to the introduction of more confidential topics of conversation. At these meetings will gladly accede to this proposal, and it is then that the conversation often becomes deeply important and interesting.

Lightning and Trees.

PROFESSOR COLLADON, of Geneva, has made some interesting observations on the course of lightning when it strikes trees and houses. He holds that the great discharges which injure trees and houses seldom or never happen while the lightning has an unobstructed course—which it has along the thin upper branches of trees, where birds and their nests are often left quite uninjured by its descent. But it is where the electric current reaches the thick stem that the tree becomes a worse and worse conductor, and it is here, therefore, that the tree is what is called struck—i. e., here that the electricity, failing to find an unobstructed channel to the earth, accumulates in masses, and gives out shocks which rend the tree. And the same is true of houses whose lightning conductors stop short of the ground. Professor Colladon has also shown that the close neighborhood of a pool of water is a great attraction to the electric current, and that the electricity often passes down a house or tree till it is near enough to dart straight across to the water; and he thinks that where possible, lightning conductors should end in a spring or pool of water. Professor Colladon believes that lightning descends rather in a shower—through a multitude of vines, for instance, in the same vineyard—that it divides itself among all the upper branches of a tree, and is received from hundreds of atmospheric points at once, instead of, as has been usually supposed, from one. Electricity is a rain, a number of tributaries from a wide surface, not a single torrent.

Icebergs in Mid-ocean.

ALL the steamships arriving at this port from Europe during the last month have reported encountering icebergs on the passage across the ocean. One captain who arrived last week reported: "In all my ocean experience I never saw so many. At five o'clock on the morning of June 3d, we first sighted them. We were then about one hundred and eighty miles southeast of Cape Race. At first there seemed to be but three of them. As we drew nearer the number marvellously increased. By seven o'clock we were in the midst of a crowd of them, perhaps a hundred. They were of all sizes and shapes. Many rose over five hundred feet above the water, and the forms of some were very pretty and fantastic. One had two pinnacles and from the centre of another there rose a high steeple. They looked like villages. The most singular feature of the whole thing is that there were two lines of them, and our steamer passed through the intervening channel, a wall of ice rising on either side. We did not have to move the helm but once on account of them. This was to avoid the last one, which seemed to be a straggler from one of the two main bodies. But it would have been dangerous to have encountered them in a dense fog or on a dark night."